



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

### Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

### About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

WIDENER



HN SU5T 3

23475.16



Harvard College Library.

THE

LONGFELLOW COLLECTION

GIVEN BY

MISS ALICE M. LONGFELLOW.

In behalf of the family of the late Professor  
HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

Received 20 Dec. 1894.





---

*From the Author.*



# P O E M S

**LONDON : PRINTED BY  
SPOTTISWOODE AND CO., NEW-STREET SQUARE  
AND PARLIAMENT STREET**

©  
G L A P H Y R A

AND OTHER POEMS

BY FRANCIS REYNOLDS, *pseudon.*

AUTHOR OF

'ALICE RUSHTON AND OTHER POEMS'

*Francis Reynolds Stratton.*

LONDON

LONGMANS, GREEN, AND CO.

1870

23475.16

Harvard College Library  
Gift of  
Miss Longfellow, Mrs. Dana,  
and Mrs. Thorp,  
20 Dec. 1894.

# CONTENTS.



	PAGE
GLAPHYRA . . . . .	I
CEPHALUS AND PROCRIS . . . . .	23
SONGS OF THE SPIRIT :	
Hieroglyphics . . . . .	95
Divided . . . . .	99
Together . . . . .	103
Sought . . . . .	106
Found . . . . .	109
ABSOLUTION . . . . .	113
SONNETS I. to XII. . . . .	129
MISCELLANEOUS POEMS :	
Hero . . . . .	145
A Broken Yoke . . . . .	150
Greek Wine . . . . .	157
Love and Knowledge . . . . .	163
Emilia . . . . .	165
Spring Song . . . . .	168

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS— <i>continued.</i>	PAGE
A Farewell . . . . .	170
Deep Waters . . . . .	172
The Poet's Dream . . . . .	174
Enter . . . . .	176
A Perfect Day . . . . .	179
Pro and Con . . . . .	181
Song . . . . .	183
Shadows in the Door . . . . .	185
Alone . . . . .	188
Wherewith . . . . .	190
Sincerity . . . . .	193
Let it alone . . . . .	196
The Morning Watch . . . . .	198
Night . . . . .	200
Morning . . . . .	201
Invocation . . . . .	202
'INQOI SEATTON' . . . . .	203
Parallels . . . . .	204
'Thy World, O God, is full of light . . . . .	205

# GLAPHYRA.

**B**



*GLAPHYRA.*

AN amber glory trembled in the east

Beyond the peaks of Taurus' misty range ;  
Unmarked awhile, its stealthy marge increased,  
While of her guards the dim world made exchange  
While the hot day resigned its watchful height  
To stars that led the vanguard of the night.

Then slowly, as a nymph whose foamy feet

Would dance unheard upon the gleaming sand,  
Rises at midnight from some arched retreat,  
Yet, pausing, dreads a mortal on the strand,  
And for a while her trembling bosom rests  
Between the walls of two succeeding crests ;

So from the cradle of two guardian peaks  
Moved slowly up the now declining moon,  
Quenching the latest of those rosy streaks—  
Those last faint stragglers of the routed noon ;  
Broadening the plain with still ascending rays  
As stooped Love's planet through the western haze.

Then Iris, gliding softly by the walls  
Of hushed Comana, caught the glare, and lay  
A silver lake amid the dreaming halls,  
Amid the olives that confined his way  
With solid battlements of sable shade,  
Whence silence spake, and sound returned afraid.

At such an hour did peerless Glaphyra—  
Daughter of her whose all-prevailing charms  
Bought back from Egypt's Antony the sway  
Of fruitful Pontus, lost to Roman arms—  
Steal from the feast whose mirth was surging high  
To deck her beauty for the bridegroom's eye.

Thrice wedded and twice widowed, still she wore  
The sovereignty of nature in her face ;  
Though Love besought him, Time could not restore  
Her youth once past away, yet, in its place,  
Had left that grave perfection which appears  
The ripened fruit of not unclouded years.

Yet even now flashed forth upon her cheek  
The fiercer passion of an age gone by,  
As when at eve long-shrouded sunbeams break  
Through the moist curtains of a storm-swept sky,  
And earth looks up to welcome with delight  
A second dawn arising ere the night.

For, unrebuked, her soul had wandered back  
Beyond her widowed wilderness of pain,  
Beyond that later grief in whose dark track  
Peace, scarce restored, was overwhelmed again,  
And placed her present being side by side  
With that sweet time when she was first a bride.

As one who from a newly conquered height  
Marks out the road whereon his steps have been  
Scaling some hill that bounds the range of sight,  
And measures not the space that lies between ;  
So did remembrance entertain her gaze  
With misty thoughts of far removed days.

For not by love that second nuptial fire  
Was kindled on the first's yet smouldering bed,  
Nor that her still unsatisfied desire  
Dried up so soon the streams by memory fed,  
But that she might some sweet distraction know  
Against the thrust of too persistent woe.

But now (ah ! wherefore ?) to her life returned  
The restless ardour of a passionate love,  
And in the fierceness of its rage she burned  
All the dead hopes which time could not remove,  
As burn the fallen glories of the year  
Ere winter brings reviving Spring-tide near.

Victorious night hath now confirmed her reign ;  
Her star-built empire holds the world in thrall,  
And all things sleep save those whose wakeful pain  
Doth watch for morning ; in the banquet hall  
Dark shadows crouch beneath each canopy,  
Like phantoms of the revelry gone by.

And in that bridal chamber all is still ;  
The silver lamp burns faint against the wall,  
Shedding soft light on those whose yielding will  
Hath long been slave to sleep that conquers all ;  
That conquers love as certainly as death,  
Steals sense and life, and only leaves the breath.

Yet stirs she now, that thrice anointed queen,—  
Yet shrinks she now, impatient, from the side  
Of him whose presence but so late had been  
The realm in which her love was glorified ;  
Now wake the slumbering roses in her cheek,  
Her ripe lips move as lips that strive to speak.

Her soul hangs yet between desire and doubt ;

Is it a dream ? she asks (ah ! treacherous love,  
So valiant once, so quickly put to rout ! ) ;

Com'st thou to bless, or com'st thou to reprove ?  
Drop down the shrouding mantle from thy face,  
That I may see thee ere my arms embrace.

O my heart's husband ! O my best desire !

Lord of the joys whose scent seems yet divine !  
Lord of the memories which may not expire

Until (sweet hope ! ) my dust is mixed with thine !  
Though fate so far divides us, grant me this—  
To hear thy voice, to snatch once more the kiss—

The last fond kiss I planted on thine eyes

When sank thy life, outworn for lack of ease,  
When passed thy spirit like a wind that dies

Amid the shade of gloomy cypress trees ;  
So shall I mourn thy weary absence less—  
So take some comfort to my loneliness !

He stands, he hears ; yet still his silent grasp  
Folds the dark mantle round his shadowy form,  
No hands leap forth to meet the yearning clasp  
That craves his own ; like breaths that herald storm  
Creep from his lips half syllables, half sighs,  
Matching the mournful anger of his eyes.

‘ Hear me, O woman—woman as thou art  
Thus oft to change the path of thy desires—  
And when thou hearest, let thy stricken heart  
Record my words as if eternal fires  
Had burnt them deep upon thy marble breast ;  
Perchance such seed will bear thee fruit of rest.

‘ Not only for the sharp revengeful blow,  
Struck by a hand that lurketh in the dark,  
Exchanging for a man’s corporeal foe  
A blood-stained phantom, terrible and stark,  
That haunts the shattered temple of his peace  
Until his life, but not his torments, cease ;

‘ Not only for the act of him whose eyes,  
Taught by his heart’s most foul inhuman lust,  
Walk through the world in search of some sweet  
prize—

Some wife’s pure fame, some maiden’s tender trust ;  
Whose fierce desire anticipation feeds  
Till thought becomes the tyrant of his deeds :—

‘ Not for such sins alone the judging gods  
(Gods are they, woman, though contemned their  
wills,)

Prepare the rigour of chastising rods—

Devouring strife, or want that slowly kills ;  
For stripes there are that leave a deeper smart  
Bought by the secret practice of the heart.

‘ Murder hath made a covenant with death,  
The dark adulterer shrinks before the day,  
But silent hate doth poison all the breath,  
And lust that dares not burns the soul away ;  
Such wrath remains for him that acts a lie,  
That wears the mask of loathed hypocrisy.

‘ O faithless ! ask thy breast’s impartial lord,  
Before whose seat I hold thee now arraigned,  
If aught on earth can blot the soul’s true word,  
If love can change, and yet be love unfeigned ?  
And when that judge hath made his stern reply,  
Chastise the heart which taught thy tongue to lie.

‘ Can life requicken pulses that have ceased ?  
Can Time give back the years which once have  
been ?

Can day retrace his footsteps to the east,  
Or second April make the sear leaves green ?  
Or shall some mother watch her dreaming child  
And take no leave of girlhood’s flowery wild ?

‘ With gods such things might be ; but unto men  
And to all things that hold their sympathy,  
No fruit once plucked can blossom forth again,  
No withered plant grow young before it die ;  
But every gift falls singly from above—  
One life, one youth, and one consuming love.

‘ One love, false queen, whose best delights are strange  
    With drops of blood and thorns of agony,  
That changeth not though seas and hills should change,  
    And stars deny their fixed eternity ;  
Whose power declares all other sins forgiven,  
Brings heaven to earth, or builds up hell in heaven.

‘ Ah ! surely once I deemed such love was mine,  
    When I laid bare my secret heart to thee !  
But from this base delinquency of thine  
    There springs a sword to murder constancy ;  
When shrinks away the failing noontide’s spark  
Shall men much marvel if the night be dark ?

‘ Hadst thou forgot the many words we said,  
    Hadst thou forgot the converse of our eyes,  
On that sweet day when love was perfected  
    And tutored patience grasped the waiting prize ;  
The pleasant hours that rocked us, the delights  
That made the days seem short as Summer nights ;

‘Then might my heart have set thee free from blame,  
Have watched unmoved thy passion based anew,  
And to itself have taken all the shame  
That blots the name of treaties broken through ;  
Or haply thought that for some high intent  
The gods that deep forgetfulness had sent.

‘But thou hast not forgotten ; thou hast laid  
Thy first affection wantonly aside,  
Like one who casts a mistress in the shade  
To grasp the wealth of some more lawful bride ;  
This hast thou done ; and wilt thou too disown  
The offspring once so valued as thine own ?

‘Wilt thou discard the golden-haired content,  
The pure soft sweetness of love’s early reign,  
Still growing up within life’s tenement  
Though that which bore them may not bear again ?  
It must be so ; the children of one mother  
Dwell not beneath the roof that holds another.

‘ Yet think not, though departed from thy sight,  
That they shall view thee as a thing unknown  
Shall not their mother teach them to requite  
The wrong which is their heritage alone ?  
Shall not their swords be sharp to penetrate  
The breast whose scorn was parent to their hate ?

‘ So much in wrath ; so much the gods have spoken,  
As through my lips, to warn thee of thy crime ;  
Yet they permit me not to leave unbroken  
The grief which even holds me in that clime  
Where sorrow comes not often ; lend thy heed  
While for myself these softer accents plead.

‘ O once my wife ! through years beloved apart !  
Hast thou then read the page of life so ill  
As e’er to dream that heart is lost to heart  
When falls that stroke which bids the clay lie still ?  
Seems it to thee so hard to understand  
A love that lives though hand is dead to hand ?

‘Lo ! many days, while yet my tomb was spread  
    With the first garlands of memorial care,  
I walked with thee as if I were not dead,  
    Pained with the sharpness of thine own despair  
Pained that the fierce despondency of grief  
Shut from thy heart my whispers of relief.

‘But time gave back the calm he snatched away  
    In lonely spots, or when the hour of rest  
Made keen the pain half blunted through the day,  
    Then did we meet, not laying breast to breast  
But soul to soul ; the hours became as years,  
Thy child was comfort, born with many tears.

‘I saw thee, sweet, when other hands than mine  
    Unloosed thy zone, but loved thee not the less,  
Nor hated him whose heart could well divine  
    That thou wert with me in thy loneliness,—  
Him whose worn spirit often passed me by  
To talk with one more worthy far than I.

‘ Himself condemned in bitterness to steep

A bridegroom’s crown ; thou, weary of the sun,—  
Two wrecks that drifted lonely on the deep,—

Well might ye cast your sorrows into one !  
As youth to youth, so pain to suffering flies,  
For life grows kind with equal sympathies.

‘ Too soon he died ; ah ! much too soon for thee !

But not for him whose only strong desire  
Was for the grave that might his entrance be  
To one more loved ; thou sawest his funeral pyre ;  
Did then those flames seem cruel ? yet there came  
A day that burned me with a fiercer flame.

‘ Canst thou pourtray the grief of one that comes

From weary travel, recked among the dead,  
Who seeks his wife mid loved ancestral homes  
And finds some lord established in his stead ?  
Perchance ; but not the anguish of that day  
When from my touch thy spirit turned away ;

‘When first I marked the raiment of thy choice,  
Thy calm, pure thoughts, grow wanton with the  
night,

Heard grief rebuked, and memory’s changeful voice  
Checked in the songs which once were thy delight ;  
When I beheld a passion born of dust  
Throned in the room of all-conceding trust.

‘Doth the vexed merchant, with his port in sight,  
Cast forth his bartered treasures to the sea ?

Or doth the freedman once again unite  
The broken links which lately cast him free ?

Doth any feel returning sense of ease,  
Yet grasp the skirts of lingering disease ?

‘If such there were, thy soul’s offence might find

A kindred deed among the lists of Time,  
But ’tis the madness only of the mind

That weighs up peace with one short hour of crime ;  
That calls on earth to fix eternal bars  
Across the path which leadeth to the stars.

‘ Think yet once more,—the dawn begins to break  
With breezy warnings to the soul that stays ;—  
Shalt thou remember all thou dost forsake  
When age brings on the round of loveless days ?  
Shalt thou remember it, and feel content  
That to such end thy patience hath been spent ?—

‘ And me alone in that unbounded space,  
Sad without thee, with whom my joy began ;  
Weary of years which keep so soft a pace  
That suns grow cold in watching out their span ;—  
Blaming thee, death, in thine own act expired,  
Curst with thy curse, existence undesired ! ’

As the warm breathing of the southern gale,  
When days grow longer, melts the first thin snow  
That robes the hillside half-way to the vale,  
Dropping it gently to the streams below ;  
And week by week, as the long nights expire,  
Scales slope by slope and camps its army higher ;—

Till, beaten back and pausing to re-form,  
It calls from far the 'rush of April rains,  
Ascends the crumbling citadels by storm  
And hurls them down to inundate the plains;  
And to its thunder hears the loud reply  
Of swollen rivers whitening to the sky ;—

So gently crept the first regretful tear  
Across the field of that fair listener's cheek,  
But while he spake they travelled faster there,  
And when the gloom no longer heard him speak  
Her heart's long frost was wholly cleft in twain,  
And grief flowed down in one continuous rain.

Weep, weep, sad queen ;—and in thy weeping lose  
All thought of life, all thought of time gone by,  
Save of that hour which bade thee not refuse  
His deep desire who owned thy sovereignty ;  
Save of that hour revealing each to each  
Through faint and wondering embassies of speech.

Weep, weep, for this ;—and feel thyself cast out  
Beyond the gate of those Elysian meads  
Which then thou saw'st environing about  
The flowery path of love-directed deeds ;  
And see thy way for ever tending down  
To depths of woe and loneliness unknown.

Then calm thy breast, once more lift up thine eyes,—  
Look through the watery curtain of thy tears  
And see the face that frowned upon thee rise  
Beauteous with light ; such smile the morning wears  
When peace looks forth across the storm-swept land,  
And all the west with one bright arch is spanned.

Again he speaks : ' O love, be comforted ;  
Man is but weak and passion oft too strong ;  
For the sweet sake of days when we were wed,  
And for thy grief my soul forgets its wrong ;  
Each tear that fell became a flood to sever  
Thy heart from earth, and make thee mine for ever.

'Hear now the end ; the gods' avenging sword  
Strikes in the dark, but mercy is not blind ;  
Her sweet pure glance hath wandered hitherward,  
Her voice hath taught destruction to be kind ;  
Her righteous scale hath weighed thy destiny,—  
'Twere pain to live, and lo ! she bids thee die.

'Come forth, sweet spirit, from thy house of clay,  
Come forth and leave thy dead griefs with the dead ;  
Stretch forth thy hands and we will fast away,—  
The night grows old, the dawn grows faintly red ;  
Cease gently, breath ; close softly, wearied eyes ;  
Lie still, cold dust ; O soul, arise, arise !'

Soon Taurus crowned his earliest peaks with fire,  
The moon waxed cold against the western blue,  
Sound broke from silence, life began to tire  
Of those vague dreams which sleep regardeth true ;  
Quick breezes roughed the river's tranquil flow,  
And streets grew loud with passings to and fro.

But she waked not to whose unrivalled fame

How many a lute had warbled down the day !

With lips that smiled through which no breathing  
came,

And cold clasped hands, all-beautiful she lay,

Still as a bark whose weary sails are furled

Above the waters of an unknown world.

CEPHALUS AND PROCRIS.



I.

*The summit of a lofty mountain in the Eastern Caucasus;  
time, towards evening; CEPHALUS awaking from sleep.*

EOS.

ART thou then waked? too long hath been thy  
slumber;

Long, long these eyes have fixed themselves where  
thine

Lay hid within their chambers; long these lips

Have vainly sought to feed their strong desire

On thine scarce-parted to the breath that mocked

Thy cheek's death-paleness; long—(ah! who can tell

How long the hours to her that loves and waits?)

Impatient thought has tutored this slow tongue

With words of passionate meaning, to prevent

The upbraiding voice that haply rises up  
To stab my heart with coldness. As, perchance,  
In some deserted tract of that far earth  
From which at dawn I brought thee, dreaming, hither,  
The night-surrounded wanderer lets his glance  
Range round the horizon where the east should be,  
To see the mingling peaks of cloud and land  
Pierced with the first faint greyness of the day  
That bids his hope return; or, in the pause  
Of hurrying winds that teem with cries of death,  
Strains all the keenest pulses of his hearing  
To catch far off the melancholy song  
Of some hoarse stream, whose rugged course shall  
    lead  
To the rude homes of shepherds;—so my love  
Has wandered homeless through thine hours of sleep;  
So watched thine eyes; so listened, half in dread,  
For the deep sighs of waking, which should bring  
Or the fulfilment of its long desire,  
Or the still longer agonies of scorn;—

Scorn, the sharp pain of whose empoisoned shaft  
Dies but with him that feels it. But thou wakest,  
And doubt grows calm. Yet wherefore shouldst thou  
wake?

While thou didst sleep these arms encircled thee,  
Upon this breast thy head was softly pillowed,  
My locks were mixed with thine, and in my heart  
Methought I felt the force of that strong love  
Which wins because it doubts not of its power.  
O sleep once more! for in the threatening shade  
That leadens all the wandering lights of ocean,  
The sailor marks no surer sign of storm  
Than speaks to me from out the conscious depths  
Of thy stern eyes which fix themselves on mine!  
Ah me! my dream is ended with thy slumber,  
And even now thy captive hands grow rude  
To break the bands that hold thee! Sleep once  
more ;—

It may be thou shalt dream ; that she whose star  
Already 'gins to fleck the westering blue

With arrowy shafts of silver, will bestow  
Some glimpse of that great passion which forgets—  
Forgets, forsakes, the narrow walks of Time,  
And bends the eternal heavens to its will.  
Then shalt thou wake, and in thy waking see  
No form but mine; undimmed by any thought  
Of that poor hearth by which, amid thy joys,  
Sits direful Chance with ghosts of misery,  
Thy soul shall taste the limitless delight  
Of love still fresh eternally enjoyed  
Which only gods may reach to; sleep once more.

CEPHALUS.

Who art thou, goddess?

EOS.

Dost thou know me not?

CEPHALUS.

I know thee not; there is not on thy brow,  
Nor in the hand which I, awaking, felt

Smoothing the sleepwrought tangle of my hair,  
Such sign of great dominion as betrays  
The queen of earth, or she who nightly came  
To wake the Latmian hunter with her love.  
Yet may I call thee goddess ; for there floats  
A glorious calm about thy head ; thy cheek  
Reveals no faint beginning of the lines  
That deepen year by year with those strange sorrows  
Which men must taste of ; and, as oft a cloud  
Drifted athwart the pathway of the sun  
What time he spurns the misty verge of morning,  
Scarce dims, yet rounds his brightness into form ;  
So doth the careless mantle which enfolds  
Thy too resplendent beauty, make more plain  
The shape of one whom never cycling change  
Can fright with threats of ruin. I behold  
Thy bosom, neck, and azure-veinèd temples  
Flushing with stronger pulses from the heart  
Than age can tame ; and even now thy voice  
Brought to my ears far other sounds than dwell

In the sweet utterance of equal vows.  
There came a fear upon me, like the shade  
That sits on him who knows his end foretold,  
And mid the clashing tumult of the battle  
Sees more than mortal arms ;—I woke to feel  
Thy touch of love, yet in my waking trembled,  
As if my soul had reached the farthest bound  
Of this so loved existence, and had gazed  
Into that world of fathomless conjecture,  
Which, like an ocean, circles all we know.  
Let me return,—I cannot dwell with thee ;  
Thou art not such a one as she whom late  
I left still teaching to the yielding couch  
The gentle lines of beauty ; whose warm tears,  
One short month past, kept melancholy time  
To the last-waved farewells with which her hands  
Sent back her heart's fond greeting to the days  
Of unreturning childhood ; whom I led,  
With soothing words and many a soft embrace,  
Through the expectant portals of my home

That laughed a thousand welcomes. There, perchance,

Through this long day—for is it not the night

That lifts her sable banner once again

In the moist east?—her thoughts have tuned themselves

To this sad burden, ‘wherefore comes he not?’

And in her fancy me she haply sees

Lost in the heedless wanderings of the chase,

Or at the foot of some disastrous crag

A mangled prey for eagles. Therefore, goddess,

Let me return; nor let thy rage pursue

The steps of him who reads his fate so well—

That fate to which methinks the gods themselves

Confess submission—that he dares refuse

The unproportioned honor, which to hold

Would hold him bound between the earth and heaven,

An atom from the universe cut off;

By men forgot, and to the offended eyes

Of those high Powers whose nature suits with thine,

A thing by its presumption self-condemned  
To feel the unsparing thunders of their wrath.  
Have I not heard what portents strange and dire  
Frighted the earth, when, mid the woods of Crete,  
Orion, fairest of that race divine  
Whose fame still floats around the echoing banks  
Of swift Asopus, fell beneath the shaft  
Of the chaste sister of the Delian god ?  
The sea grew pale ; the hills grew dark ; the sun  
Quenched all his noontide brightness, like a torch  
Dropped in the bosom of a midnight pool ;  
And from the chambers of a cloud that hung,  
With threat of instant fall, in the mid air,  
Came sounds of dreadful import, which the stars,  
• Hearing, forsook their ancient palaces,  
And swept in reeling dance athwart the sky.  
Then ceased that regal heart ; and evermore  
When in the pastures of repeopled heaven  
The level glory of his falling belt  
Weighs up the dawn, before whose silent steps

The avenging huntress holds her silver bow ;  
Then all the deep resounds with pitiless storm ;  
The day grows dim with tears ; and on the hills  
Not seldom doth the Father's fiery bolt  
With sudden wreck affright the bellowing crags.  
Such teaching need the venturous sons of earth,  
Lest they, grown bold through long security,  
Should tempt the doom of that presuming man  
Who thought to scale the eternal battlements  
By the curst ladder of unequal love.  
She could not save him, goddess ; canst thou me ?  
O therefore snatch not from me, for the sake  
Of this fair flower of youth, which not for long  
Can be thy treasured agent of delight,  
All the grand fruit which Time brings slowly forth  
To him, who, joined in action with his peers,  
Climbs up the steps of knowledge, one by one,  
And from the height of his experience sees,  
More clearly spread, the oft perplexèd streams  
Of Cause, and Chance, and strong-willed Circumstance,

That, from the borders of the Infinite,  
Wind through the many pastures of his being.  
Such be my portion, goddess ; and for thee  
(If Time indeed hath any fellowship  
With the calm joys of immortality),  
It shall not grieve thee in the years to come  
That thou hast left me freely to pursue  
My course by lot, until the golden wand  
Shall lead me down to that dividing stream  
Of silent death, to pass I know not whither.

Lo! while I speak methinks there comes a change  
Across thy listening face ; thy beauty seems  
Less terrible, and in thy softening eyes  
Shines such a tender and regretful light  
As I have marked within the glance of one  
Whose soul looks backward to the days far off,  
And sees them better than the days at hand.  
Let me depart ; yet tell me ere I go  
A name to call thee by, for thou should'st be  
A piteous guardian to the child of sorrow.

EOS.

Alas! fond youth, thou speakest of the doom  
Of one who, mortal, feeleth but the stroke  
That cuts his life in twain; but canst thou tell  
What unknown depths of passionate despair  
She needs must visit, whose earth-stooping love  
Finds scorn, yet cannot find the pleasing shade  
Of that forgetful sleep which men call death?  
Ah me! what restless anguish hath been mine  
Since that fair dawn, when, from this watchful height,  
I saw the blinded hunter (whose loved name,  
Breathed from thy lips, hath weakened all my will)  
Come wandering helpless through the echoing glens,  
Seeking the light which at my touch alone  
Could pierce the caverns of his suffering eyes.  
Ah youth! 'twas piteous to behold his hands  
Grasping the empty corners of the air  
To raise his stumbling footsteps; then he stood,  
And from his breast sent forth a groan so deep

D 2

That all the hills groaned answer, and far off,  
Dispersed in fear, the circling eagles fled.  
I heard, and straightway from my bosom fell  
All the stern armour of indifferent calm  
Which is their heritage whose seats are fixed  
Above thy world of passion ; swiftly then  
I left the height, and swiftly bent my way  
Down toward yon sable regiments of pines  
That camp around this airy citadel.  
The mists rose up to meet me, and the crags  
Blushed at my coming, while from peak to peak  
Leapt the white standard of the perfect day.  
Him soon I reached ;—O fool ! that didst not know  
That she who pities cannot choose but love !  
My touch was on his eyelids, and my feet  
Would fain have passed him ; but within his arms,  
Outstretched to clasp his joy, he held me bound.  
O heart ! half human now through many pangs,  
Then didst thou play the traitor ; then resign  
The power divine which to a single glance

Can lend more death than frowns in myriad spears!  
'Twas sweet to yield ; yet never found again  
Shall be thy ancient glory ; thou shalt dwell,  
Immortal, in thy loveless solitude ;  
Scorned by thy peers, and doomed to reap thy joy,—  
Whatever joy wherein thou may'st forget  
Thy self-wrought chastisement,—from things of earth  
That dread thee most ; for thou hast pitied, loved,  
And in that weak compassion thou hast fallen.

## CEPHALUS.

Art thou then she, the goddess of the morning,  
Who loved the great Orion ?

## EOS.

I am she ;  
Fear not, but hearken. Not because he loved,  
Nor in revenge for my displeasing choice,  
Fell that renowned mortal ; but because  
My power had clothed him with a life so strong

That death could touch him not, nor Time impair  
His godlike beauty. This to him I gave  
In that sweet moment when his first embrace  
Subdued the god within me ; else my presence,  
Despite my will, had blasted his delight,  
And with excess of evil marred the good.  
Should I give light, and take the life away ?  
Therefore they feared him in the lofty courts  
Where sits the all-judging Father ; for there runs  
A dark yet certain word of prophecy,  
Which, breathed in heaven, makes all the glory dim  
Around the head of each foreboding god ;  
That one descended from the tribes of men  
Shall, in the times hereafter, stretch his rule  
Above the wreck of those celestial thrones.  
Therefore they feared him ; yet the sad decree  
That held him doomed to expiating death,  
Could harm him not, until that direful noon  
Went out in lawless midnight ; then he fell,  
The prince of all things beautiful ; the star

Whose early setting hastened up the storm  
That needs must vex my heart's clear firmament  
While old regrets can call up new desires.  
But fear thou not ; for not to such a doom  
I brought thee from that fruitless realm of love  
To which, by man's too straitened ordinance,  
Youth's free delights had wept to see thee chained;—  
Should I, that love thee, woo thee to thy ruin ?  
Therefore I held thee in these bands of sleep  
While upward toiled the day, and while he fell,  
Oft hid by clouds that muttered notes of wrath,  
Through the hushed chambers of the western hours ;  
Lest thou should'st rudely gaze upon the light  
Which to behold, unminished, is not given  
To mortals, their mortality unchanged.  
But when, as now thou seest, the shadowy line  
That bounds the sombre empire of the night  
Had slowly climbed yon eastward range, and left  
But here and there a yet illumined crest  
Like rosy tents in heaven ; then my care

Unchained each captive sense, and left thee free  
To tread at will the backward paths of waking.  
Deny me not ; thou shalt not wholly leave  
Her to whose couch thy promise holds thee bound ;  
But in the rapturous twilight thou shalt come  
(For thou shalt have the power) to seek me here ;  
Here, like a star that watches all alone  
The happy dawn move up its glimmering stair,  
Will I await thy coming ; thou shalt see,  
Unveiled, my radiant beauty, which can make  
The night more clear than earth's sublimest noon ;  
And when the course of haply three-score years  
Shall dim the eyes, shall mark the faded cheek,  
Shall chill the breast of thy now matchless bride,  
Yet shalt thou still, in longer youth preserved  
By frequent clasp of these immortal arms,  
Find here, unchanged, the glorious banquet spread  
To which my heart, with words of embassy,  
Now bids thee welcome ! O be kind, be wise,  
And grasp the good that waits but for thy will.

## CEPHALUS.

In vain thy words are spent ; yet think not, goddess,  
That 'tis the inward censure of my heart  
Which thus instructs my tongue. Thou canst not  
die,—

Thou canst not know the long-enduring pain  
That springs from headstrong pleasure, for thou art  
Immortal ; no revenge it works to thee  
If day by day thy unrestrained love  
Should burn more fiercely than the myriad lights  
Which yearly lead the happy bridegroom home.  
Such joys we watch far off ; we dare not rise,  
Being imperfect, to behold them near,  
Lest we thereby should strive to shape our own,—  
Should seek to clothe this weak mortality  
With everlasting glory, which attempt  
Could bring but ruin. Let them then remain  
Incomprehensible. But this I know ;—  
That ill he reads the secret of that life,

Which, being twain, yet moves to one sweet music,  
Who foremost sets the passionate desire  
To hold for his peculiar delight  
The eyes, the lips, and all the coveted charms,  
Which memory or imagination gives  
To her who rules the changes of his sleep.  
Not thus, beloved, whom methinks I see  
Watching forlorn within the twilight porch,  
Not thus for thee my steadfast passion grew.  
Perchance I saw thee fair ; yet all in vain  
Had been the power of sound, or sight, or touch,  
Unless that sweet and most mysterious sense  
Of something found which each had long desired,  
Had touched our hearts. Then did those outward joys  
Become the handmaids of the love within ;  
Like beauteous gates of some renowned shrine,  
Which he who passes on to sacrifice  
Scarce heeds, or if he heeds them, marvels not  
That round that centre all should be so fair.  
O goddess ! thou art happy in the calm

Of thine eternal destiny ; but he  
Who needs must count the lessening hours to come  
By the sad growth of those already past ;—  
Who nearly scans his little plot of life,  
To cast therein whatever seed he deems  
Will bring forth most of pleasure ;—he discerns  
No good, no beauty, where he fears no pain.  
Victory and hope, defeat and agony,  
Then victory once again that soars aloft  
As mounts a laden eagle through the cloud,—  
From such he learns the grandeur of his being.  
Therefore his love disdaineth the pursuit  
Of that alone which fadeth ; therefore strives  
To curb the cravings of his sensual will ;  
And even while he claspeth to his breast  
The sweetest thing that breathes, he clasps therewith  
An equal gain of fear, and grief, and death,  
To make his glory vaster.

EOS.

Canst thou then  
Make pain itself the minister of love ?

CEPHALUS.

To love must be to suffer, for the gods  
Give but to men the shadow of their bliss,  
And interdict its substance. Harken yet ;—  
I stood alone on fair CEnone's shore

What time the sun rose clear above the crest  
Of blue Hymettus ; like a marble floor

Stretched out the widening gulf, so much at rest  
That even the seabirds as they skimmed it o'er

With scarce-dipped wings made circles on its  
breast ;

I wept for joy, while fancy me upbore

To sit at heavenly feasts, an equal guest ;

'The gods,' I said, 'who live for evermore,

Behold such things, and therefore are they blest.'

And while I spake upheavèd at my feet  
The cold, still face of one too early dead ;  
Whiter than marble, colder than the sleet  
Which the rude north-wind shakes about his head ;  
Her eyes half-closed ; her hand half-stretched to greet  
The help that came not ; all around her spread  
Her long light tresses, in their splendour meet  
To deck the pillow of an emperor's bed ;  
The piteous wreck of one so young, so sweet,  
That ocean vexed her not ; I turned and fled.  
So fear doth ever mingle with the joy  
Of him whose love hath found a resting-place ;  
Loving, he fears lest some untimely chance  
Should cloud his joy, and, fearing, therefore suffers.  
But were it even unfolded to his sense  
That light-concealing death, or that worse death  
Of separation, should dissolve too soon  
The pleasant bond of interchanged vows,  
Still would he love ; though fate should pile the  
scale

With untold years of solitary grief;  
Still would he feel his joy outweigh them all,  
And in the memory of his love live on,  
The calm survivor of a thousand storms.  
How canst thou hope then, goddess, to supplant  
My equal love with any love of thine ?  
Thy soul blends not with mine; and though perchance  
Within the heavenly compass of thine arms  
Dwell all delights which youth might most desire ;  
Yet worthless such enchantment were to me  
When I should meet the unsuspecting glance  
Of her whose trust no more could call forth mine.  
Nor think that they whose equal hearts are linked  
In such harmonious union, dread the time,  
When, treading softly life's declining slope,  
They watch, more near at hand, the end of all.  
Youth sees in youth its choice, but age in age ;  
And when the course of haply threescore years  
Shall dim thine eyes, shall rough thy faded cheek,

Shall chill thy breast, O Procris! now my bride ;  
Then shall these eyes have grown too dim to mark  
How wears thy beauty ; then this bounding pulse  
Have checked its pace to move in step with thine ;  
Then shall we sit, like doves whose nest hath been  
For many summers in the selfsame bough,  
And from the chambers of the past recal,  
More oft with looks than cold unequal words,  
What joys, what griefs, have passed above our heads  
As they waxed grey together.

Lo! the day

Grows faint already in yon distant west ;  
The stars begin to brighten overhead,  
The mists are denser in the vales beneath ;  
Seek not, O goddess, longer to delay  
My wished return to her whose faithful breast  
Grows cold e'en now with oft returning dread  
Lest these long hours have seen her bridegroom's  
death.

EOS.

Thou shalt return; yet think not that for him  
Who spurns the mandate of celestial love  
The earth reserves her blessing. Thou hast set  
Thy boastful constancy above the feast  
Of deathless joys to which I bade thee welcome;  
And what my loss to thee it matters not.  
But think what pain, what wasting jealousy  
That burns and yet consumes not, thou shalt know,  
When thou shalt find that she, for whose loved sake  
Thy free desires have held themselves enchained,  
Prefers the sparkle of a stranger's gifts  
To chaste renown, or thy too trustful honor.

II.

*The porch of the house of CEPHALUS; time, the last moments of twilight.*

PROCRIS (*alone*).

Slow fades the light ; the last red sunset bars  
Still rest awhile against the purple slope  
Of dark Cithaeron ; but his sacred head  
Is lost already mid the emerald shades  
That spread their pure soft curtain to divide  
The realms of light and darkness. All is still,  
Save for the shouts of hunters late returning,  
Or the hoarse baying of the hounds that bid  
Their wearied comrades welcome ; these are sounds  
Borne hither from the shadowy emptiness  
That fills the outline of the westward hills.

E

And lo! far off a ruddy gleam betrays  
The sudden kindling of a torch ; it moves  
As moves the joyful bearer to his door ;  
Another follows slowly ;—now the first  
Is quenched in darkness ;—now the twain are gone.  
And now, perchance, bright flaming from the wall  
Of some contented home, they watch the feast  
That bids the hunter think not of his toil ;  
They see the happy matron moving round  
To fill the cup for him who pledges her  
With the sweet guerdon of a husband's kiss ;  
Or for that guest who shared the perilous chase,  
And now shall share the shelter of his dwelling.  
Or else they see (ah ! happiest sight of all !)  
The soft-limbed first-born, who hath hardly learnt  
To make sweet answer to his father's voice,  
Brought from his yielding slumber, to receive  
The gentle praise that flows from kindred tongues.  
But where art thou, who shouldst be unto me  
The living surety of a like content ?

Where hast thou been, since, waking with the dawn,  
To thee I stretched my arms, and found thee not ?  
Ah ! could some power but lead unto thine ear  
The many sighs, each one a separate prayer,  
Which from my lips this day have wandered forth  
In fruitless search of thee, thou wouldst not tarry.  
I sent them forth ; but ever came they back  
From rock or grove, or from the echoing vault  
Of silent noon, and spake, ' He is not here ; '  
And when the cooler eventide brought home  
The flocks to fold and birds to well-known nests,  
Still came that answer back, ' He is not here.'  
Where art thou then ? for yet my love disdains  
To credit thoughts which doubt would fain inspire ;  
I may not dream that thou wouldst thus forsake me,  
Without a sign whereby my heart might fix  
A limit to its hours of loneliness.  
'Tis some mischance that holds thee ; ah ! but what ?  
For not alone with crags and rushing streams,  
With wasting heat, or with the angry thrust

Of wounded quarry turned at last to bay ;  
Not with such enemies alone he wars  
Who seeks his pleasure in the frequent chase ;  
But he must dread the pitiless revenge  
Of those earth-wandering citizens of heaven  
The rude invasion of whose sylvan haunts  
Brings either death, or that worse agony  
Of life prolonged in reasonless despair ;  
These things I fear ; O then return, return !

Methought I heard a step ; and lo ! the dusk  
Is yonder crossed by some yet shadowy form  
That gathers shape from the surrounding void  
As it moves hither. Leap not wildly, heart ;  
It is not he ; for neither did I hear  
His distant shout of greeting, nor, as now  
It parts the curtain of the twilight haze,  
Can I discern the bearing which so oft,  
In those strange times when I was yet unwed,  
With sudden chills and struggling breath surprised me,

While yet my sisters questioned who drew nigh.  
Nay, 'tis not he; yet are his features noble;  
Perchance (ah! thought that hangs 'twixt hope and  
fear!)

He brings to me some tidings. Welcome, stranger;  
What seek'st thou hitherward?

CEPHALUS (*disguised*).

Far off I saw,

While yet my steps, unto these vales unused,  
Held on their way with much uncertainty,  
The light that fills thy portal, streaming faint  
Across the gathering darkness. 'Thither turn,'  
My heart cried out (poor heart! that knew not then  
What beauty thus its hiding place betrayed!),  
'And thou shalt there have tidings where he dwells,  
The prince of friends, much-honoured Cephalus.'

PROCRIS.

Alas! thou comest where he now should be,  
But where he is not. Hence, ere yet the morn

Had waked the world with her returning fire,  
Ere yet mine eyes had cast away their sleep,  
He went, I know not whither. Hast thou not  
Some tidings for me, stranger? Art thou not  
One whose fleet footsteps oft have matched with  
his,

What time the day hath roused itself to hear  
The bay of hounds and answering shouts of men  
Ring far across dim valleys, where the stag  
Sniffed up the misty fragrance of the east?  
Ah! vain are then those fond imaginings  
Which made thee, while I watched thee still draw  
nigh,

The long desired and joy-crowned messenger  
Whose welcome voice should bid me doubt no  
more!

Yet tell me wherefore thou dost seek for him?  
My present grief shall not prevent my duty;  
Though he be absent, yet am I his wife.

## CEPHALUS.

Art thou then Procris ? fear not for thy lord.  
Yet let me speak (if words can speak) the joy  
That holds me in thy presence. Yea, they said,  
' Procris is fairest of a thousand brides ;'  
But still my speech denied it, for methought  
That I had looked on everything most fair  
Within the bounds of god-blest Attica,  
Or in the dark green islands of the dawn.  
But now mine eyes behold thee, O far more  
Dost thou surpass the sweetness of thy fame,  
Than doth the argent of the moon surpass  
Her rounded image in some sleepy pool.  
Was not thy father kindred with the gods ?  
And lo ! thy face is radiant with a glow  
Which dwells but with immortals : well they said  
That thou wert fairest of the earth's fair daughters ;  
For as the might and beauty of the gods  
By far exceeds the goodliness of men,

By far exceeds their glory, so dost thou,  
Being a goddess, reign unrivalled queen  
O'er all things born and all that yet shall be.  
O let me worship thee! Yet wherefore weep?  
Hast thou seen aught of evil in my words?

## PROCRIS.

Thy words? I marked them not; ah me! forgive  
This joy that melts the hardness of despair!  
For as the warrior plants his footsteps well  
To stand the shock of battle; as he strains  
His knotted arms, and tighter grasps his spear;  
So doth the long expectancy of woe  
Grow firm against its coming; suffering not  
The tear that weakens or the doubt that slays.  
But let the dread pass by, let joy return  
Upon the wings of such a word as thine,  
And, like to one o'erbalanced by the strength  
That struck at nothing, so endurance falls,  
Thrown by itself, which nought beside could vanquish.

‘Fear not,’ thou sayest; ah then! by these thick  
tears,  
True witness of my soul’s unaltering love,  
Tell me where rests he; wherefore comes he not;  
If all alone; if far, or where my steps  
Can reach him, weary with his solitude;  
I fear not darkness, stranger; let us hence.

## CEPHALUS.

Nay, then, be comforted; not all alone  
He rests this night, unhurt and uncomplaining,  
But with the chase outwearied; thus it fell:—  
About the time, perchance, when first thine arms  
Found out thy side forsaken, on the slope  
Of sweet Hymettus, whose rekindling top  
Eastward to Ceos first proclaims the day,  
I met thy lord, much-honoured Cephalus;  
His spear laid down beside him, while he stood,  
Watched by the bright eyes of a favoured hound,  
Tightening the stakes and many folded nets

Which are his chiefest pleasure. Long we spake,  
For we were friends of old ; meantime the brace  
Which at my heels are alway wont to linger,  
Waxing impatient, stole away unseen,  
Tracing swift circles o'er the scented heath.  
I missed them not until we heard far off  
The deep-mouthed ecstasy of hounds that find  
An unexpected quarry ; from our side  
With one loud answer bounded fast away  
Thy lord's tried veteran, like a bolt that flies  
From the sharp string of virgin Artemis ;  
And while we gazed, as men but newly waked,  
Lo ! like a vision rising from the earth,  
A peerless stag rose upward from the vale ;  
His eyes like fire, and from his urgent heels  
The loose stones scattering like the hail that falls,  
When dark-robed thunder sits on all the hills.  
Onward he came, and breathlessly we stood  
To watch him fall, entangled ; but behold !  
(O 'twas a sight to make the gods rejoice !)

With one short cry he rose—he rose, and cleared  
The net that held his ruin, and was gone  
Swift as the stooping shadow of a cloud.  
Did we not follow? did we not speed on  
With leap and shout and javelins snatched up,  
Cheering the dogs that came up from behind,  
And passed us, toiling forward? O the earth  
Flew up to meet us! O the cold fresh air  
That sweeps the mist from dew-crowned pinnacles  
Sang in our ears such wild strange melodies  
That other sound we heard not! Northward still  
Past crag and stream and bittern-haunted pool  
We followed side by side; and evermore  
Beheld the chase still farther, as it swept  
Across the front of some green shouldered hill.

Art thou impatient? Let me to the end;  
Methinks the sun had but an hour to climb  
When we stopped breathless; for a while we lay,  
When to our feet came back the wearied hounds—

My twain, but his returned not. Then he spake,—  
‘O friend, this day were marked a day of sorrow,  
What though I found thee, if my dog were lost ;  
Let us go hence and seek him where we may.’  
So went we forward, searching many hours,  
Yet found him not.

## PROCRIUS.

The dog returned ere noon,  
And seemed not weary, though with piteous whine  
And eyes that looked for comfort, he made strong  
The fear which then began to fill my bosom ;  
But let me hear thee.

## CEPHALUS.

Wearily we strayed,  
And now the day was halfway to the west,  
When, as we tracked a clearly running stream  
That changed from pool to fall, from fall to pool,  
We came to where it noisily underran

An arch of rock, whose fringe of pendant flowers  
Half screened a pool through whose deceitful depth  
The golden sand looked upward to the roof  
Of slender birch boughs shutting out the sky.  
We turned to take possession, blessing it ;  
When lo ! much sweeter than the pairing note  
Of birds in springtime, from the farther verge  
Came such faint cries of innocent alarm  
As speak a maiden startled ; and we saw  
The sudden rout of soft Bœotian nymphs,  
Scared from their sylvan bath. Yet one remained,  
And for a moment turned on us her glance  
Full of mute fear and questioning surprise ;  
A sunbeam round her head, her azure robe  
Caught with both hands above her heaving bosom  
And dropping to her feet ; then too she fled,  
Her white limbs shining through the yielding brake  
That closed again behind her. There we cooled  
The heats of chase ; and thither soon returned  
The virgin train with many a wondering youth

To bid us welcome, deeming us, perchance,  
Sprung from a race that mixes not with earth.  
Much mirth we made; yet when the hour drew nigh  
That warned us to be gone, thy husband's brow  
Grew dull with weariness; 'O friend,' he said,  
I may not tread the backward path this night;  
Yet thou shalt go and bear to whom I love  
My word of love, and in my room shalt share  
All that is mine; perchance there dwelleth here  
Some good to make amends.' With that he cast  
A smile to one whose answering cheek gave forth  
Love's scarlet token; then I took farewell,  
And ere I well was gone, methought he slept.

## PROCRIS.

Alas! was he so weary? Cease, my heart,  
To long for that which thou may'st not possess;  
Thy lord returns not; not to-night shalt thou  
Vary thy throbbing as his own doth change.  
But thou art welcome, stranger; fear thou not

That from my hands thou freely shalt receive  
All that a wife may blamelessly bestow.

## CEPHALUS.

How burns the beacon of a good report !  
Not like those vague and unsubstantial fires  
Which mock the foot that follows, leading on  
To miry pool and treacherous standing place ;  
But, seen far off, it brightens as we near it,  
Filling the night with splendour. Thine it is  
This to show forth with glory unsurpassed ;  
Yet would I learn—and blamelessly to thee,  
Being thus blameless, may the word be spoken—  
What firmest anchor holds the bark secure  
Of wedded faithfulness ? What doth she dread,  
Who, left forlorn through absence of her lord,  
Yet still, despite of importunity,  
Keeps clear for him the fountain of her love ?  
Fears she the gods ? Their hand should rather punish  
The chaste and not the wanton ; for with men

The highest peak to which ambition's hand  
Points upward, is resemblance to the gods  
In might and majesty; and should they not  
Be wise to imitate their mingled loves?  
Or doth she dread the quick revenging wrath  
Of him whose right she granteth to another?  
Lo! if she speak not, never shall his sense  
Grow keen to scent the action; and to her  
The fault not known is not a fault committed.  
For fault, meseems, doth only live through blame;  
Blame, like a mirror, to its eye presents  
Its own true likeness; but let blame be gone,  
And all the fault doth vanish; then shall deeds  
Work out the secret promptings of desire,  
And, undetected, say 'There is no sin.'  
These things perplex me, Procris; for mine eye,  
(Let me confess it) hath but lately marked  
A maiden of my kindred, whom to hold  
In the sweet bonds of wedded faithfulness  
Is my desire; yet rash the venture seems

If such be all the surety that her love  
Will bind itself to me, as mine to her.  
Hast thou some wisdom to enlighten me?

## PROCRIUS.

Lo! surely now thou dost not truly love!  
For love hath habitation in a clime  
More hot than all the deserts of the south,  
Where dwells no doubt, where question always dies  
Beneath the light which seemeth always noon.  
Yet to thy peace my words shall minister,  
If any words can illustrate aright  
That sacred power which holds the heart more fixed  
Than all the cycling changes of the stars.  
Ill hast thou read—so ill that my compassion  
For this thy blindness, only doth assuage  
The wrath that rose within me at thy speech—  
Ill hast thou read the secret of that life,  
Which, being twain, yet moves to one sweet music,  
As thus to think that any shade of fear,

Or chance of blame, is needed to compel  
The utmost of a wife's fidelity ;—  
Love joineth souls, but fear doth rend apart.  
O my best lord, O tarrying Cephalus !  
Did I but think such bondage might supplant  
The glorious freedom of my love for thee,  
Then would I seek, before the morn returns,  
Before my arms could mock thee once again  
With traitorous joy, some cliff that fronts the sea ;  
There would I lay my wedding garments by,  
And make one leap to death ; for happier far  
That thou should'st mourn me faithful, than that I  
Should live to curse thee with dissembling love.  
Smilest thou, stranger, at my vehement words ?  
Yea, haply little wisdom is for women ;  
But the same power which made their sense less keen  
To them hath given the argument of deeds,  
That builds not step by step, but with one bound  
Moves from the faint beginning to the end.  
O let my words assure thee ! Cast away

The doubts that hold thee from thy heart's desire ;  
And let not jealousy abuse thine eyes,  
For beauty wed is like a gathered flower,  
Which all men may behold, yet plucked by one.

## CEPHALUS.

Yea, one doth pluck, but many smell thereto ;  
Not for himself he plucks it, though for him  
Hath been the dread and prick of vengeful thorns ;  
The very winds embrace it wantonly ;  
And while he deems that for his sole delight  
The petals blush, the perfume spreads its toils,  
A thousand else, in secrecy secure,  
Are feeding on its beauty. Thus it fares  
(Believe it, Procris, I deceive thee not)  
With more than tongue could number, whose chaste  
wives  
Step through the gate of love's solemnities  
As those who turn to revelry from fast.  
Nay, look not strangely on me ; thou art not,

Though blameless yet, of nature so distinct  
That to thy heart thou canst not well portray  
What rebel passions have the power to turn  
The soul against its own pure citadel.  
Tell me, if one should find thee here alone,  
Thy lord far off amid Bœotian vales—  
Should clasp thy arms with circlets such as these,  
With pearls should clothe thy bosom ; on thy lips  
Print such warm kisses as my lips bestow,  
And bid thee sell thine honour—that vain word !—  
For stores of wealth more vast than thought can com-  
pass ;—  
Would'st thou deny him ? Would'st thou turn away,  
As now thou dost, to reach a sword to slay him,  
Or to conceal the dayspring of that love  
Which rises up within thee ? Speak, O speak !

## PROCRIS.

Alas, alas ! who art thou ? who am I ?  
Am I the wife of him whose bridal hour,

One short month past, resounded with the songs  
Which made our names a blessing? Said they not  
'The gods make all like Cephalus and thee?'  
And who art thou? I dare not see thy face,  
Lest it should turn avenging glances on me,  
And chill my flesh to marble; only this—  
This—this is plain before me—that to thee,  
And not to him whom custom calls my lord,  
My heart is plighted. Was it long ago  
That last we met? I know not; clasp me now,  
And let me take revenge for all the times  
Wherein I drooped without thee; let my tears  
Wash out their hard remembrance, wash away  
All other thoughts save that I lost thee once,  
And now have found thee, O my love! my love!

CEPHALUS (*disclosing himself*).

Alas! look up, and then look down for ever!

O ye faint lights! O stars that evermore

Do crown the head of crime-beholding night,  
Hear ye my words ; I speak not to the gods,  
For they are joined in fellowship to mock  
The endless toil of mortals ; but to you,  
That seem, by times unchanged through many years,  
To have some gift of beauteous constancy,  
Will I pour forth the curse that shall not change  
Till women cease to value more than fame  
The tinsel gifts of gold and flattery.  
Hear ye my words, and whensoever ye watch  
The dancing lights of bridal, whensoever  
The dusk grows tremulous with warbled hymns,  
Then think my curse is on them ; then put forth  
The binding power which is your heritage,  
And seize the bridegroom's heart with such a storm  
Of fierce mistrust and tossing jealousy,  
That he shall bar the very light of heaven  
From her false face, to whom, when left unguarded,  
He will not trust the keeping of his honour ;  
So, not confiding, he shall not sustain

The wound whose scar will mark me unto death.  
Death, death ! what art thou ? Am I not now dead ?  
What now are all the hand-in-hand delights  
That circle life with beauty ? What the peace  
Whose smile was wont to greet me when I came  
From weary fields of labour ? What the love  
Of all things great, and excellent, and glorious ?  
O ashes, ashes ! Bury them, my soul,  
Beneath thy stirred up anger ! And shalt thou,  
O perjured woman, these being dead, live on ?  
Lo ! thine own tongue hath doomed thee unto ruin !  
But thy death-couch shall not be where the deep  
Rolls round the sacred shore ; thou shalt not mix  
Thy tainted life with aught so pure and kind ;  
But even here, where thou hast lied so basely  
In thought, and word, and action, shall thy blood  
Flow forth in sacrifice ; for happier far  
That thou should'st die with this one fault upon thee,  
(If it be only one) than live to curse  
The world, with vengeance tempted by thy sin.

Dost thou not speak ? Dost thou not kneel for mercy ?  
Thy face is hid, but even through thy hands  
I see the tears come thickly ; dost thou think  
That these can cleanse thy soul, can bring thee back  
The outraged garment of thy purity ?  
Or that the thought arrested ere the deed  
Doth leave no black defilement ? Think not so ;  
It is the will, it is the will, that makes  
The guilt of trespass ; O less tainted far  
Is he that sins in action, he that tastes  
The bitter dregs of lust's deluding cup,  
Than one who, foiled in opportunity,  
Mourneth the pleasures of his void intent.  
Thou shalt not do so ; yet my hand shall spare thee,  
For some short space, until the passionless night  
Hath been my counsellor ; before her seat  
Will I unfold my purpose, and her voice,  
Not mine, O faithless, shall direct the end.

III.

*A woodland scene in Attica. PROCRIS in the disguise  
of a hunter.*

CEPHALUS.

This then our compact;—equally to share,  
While thrice the moon her pilgrimage fulfils,  
Whatever dangers compass the pursuit  
Of those branch-headed herds of Artemis  
To which this morn thy still unerring shaft  
Hath been a terror; equally to share  
Whatever joys are native to the spot,  
(Whether within the portals of my lodge,  
Or in the silent forest,) where fatigue  
Forgets itself in beautiful discourse,

Or in the wells of slumber ; equally  
What dreams, what whispers from the world unseen  
Each hears or sees in solitude apart.  
So shall our better natures, nourished up  
By emulation and forbearing love,  
Cast out all baseness which is swift to creep  
Into the life of him that dwells alone.  
What waits us in the future ;—whether still,  
The term of compact over, we shall hold  
The chiefest place within each other's hearts,  
The gods best know ; yet, youth, of this be sure,  
That on my part shall lack no diligence  
To fill thy mouth with words of good report  
When hence thou goest to sojourn with thine own.  
And for myself, though sprung from such a stock  
As well might claim a birthright to excel ;  
Though in the arts of hunting or of war  
By far thy master, though in years more grown ;  
Yet do I feel that thy companionship  
To me will prove as fruitful in content  
As mine to thee in deeds of hardihood.

But tell me now, hath this thy javelin,  
Whose gift, methinks, doth more than compensate  
The slowness of thy yet untutored limbs,  
Hath it alway such virtue? swerves it not,  
No matter what the quarry, whose the aim?

PROCRIS.

It will not swerve; 'tis said that Artemis  
Upon some daughter of my father's race  
Bestowed it once, when, by a lawless rout  
That dared the fortress of her chastity,  
She stood surprised; it came unto her hand,  
And, as each threatening savage fell transfixed,  
Still to her hand obsequious it returned,  
Till all were slain.

CEPHALUS.

A deadly shaft indeed!

PROCRIS.

Ah me! too deadly; for at times I dread  
Lest spiteful chance enlist it, to perform

Some cruel hurt between deluded friends.  
Darkness might make an enemy of thee ;  
Or, rustling through the forest leafage, I  
Might seem to thee a wild and ravenous beast  
Approaching to thy harm ; so thou should'st strike,  
And find me, dead.

## CEPHALUS.

Why dost thou tremble thus,  
Why thus turn pale, like to some foolish girl  
Escaping from her shadow ? 'Tis not well ;  
Shall I thus soon, by virtue of my love,  
Reprove what in thee seems unlovely, youth ?  
Let weaker minds, let women ('tis their right)  
Look forward to the danger which doth wait  
On goodly enterprise ; let such foretell,  
Unto each other, all the deaths they fear  
For those to whom that very fear secures  
A softer, warmer welcome when they come  
From fields where expectation, like a sun,  
Blindeth their eyes to all things but itself.

## PROCRIS.

It was unmanly in me ; but I felt,  
Even as I spake, a sudden faint and chill,  
As if the very weapon of our speech  
Were quivering in my breast, and all my life  
Were swiftly oozing through the cruel door  
By which it entered. Blame me not for this ;  
'Twas not my will that sinned, and I have heard  
That sudden slips or shrinkings of the flesh,  
Which, being such, it cannot but inherit,  
Are not the index of a worthless nature ;  
But that the soul may suffer much defeat,  
And yet maintain its greatness unimpaired.

## CEPHALUS.

Who taught thee thus ?

## PROCRIS.

'Tis but an idle fancy,—  
I know not whence I plucked it ; like a child

That robs the brooklet of its listening flowers,  
My wont hath been to gather heedlessly,  
Not reckoning up their value, wilding thoughts ;  
And some, perchance, I dropped as soon as gathered ;  
And some, perchance, have woven in a wreath  
To crown the idleness of summer dreams ;  
And some, though crushed and withered, I have kept,  
Until they seemed to grow a part of me :  
But if thou bid me, I will cast them down.

## CEPHALUS.

I will not bid thee ; 'tis a thing most strange,  
And most prophetic of our lasting love,  
That in thy careless speech (if such it be),  
Thou touchest what hath been the central star  
Round which my thoughts, for now two weary months,  
Have slowly circled, not the less by day,  
Than nightly ; for my noontide for so long  
Hath suffered such a horrible eclipse  
That light and darkness blindly overstep

Their proper boundaries, mingling into one.  
And were it not that I had dimly seen,  
In last night's visions, glimpses of redress,  
Not even to thee should I declare the tale,  
Which, being told, in some sort shall confirm  
The thought thou deemest idle. Now 'tis noon ;  
The silence teaches me ; thou canst not hear  
Aught save the cricket, with his bounding chirp  
Making the heat more sultry ; or the sound  
Of Dryads whispering softly mid the leaves  
Their never-comprehended tales of love :  
Therefore an hour may well be charmed away  
In this relation ; tell me, gentle youth,  
Ere I begin, if ever grief hath touched thee ?

## PROCRIS.

I cannot tell ; at times I have a grief,  
And then again it seemeth none of mine,  
But like the shadow of another's woe,  
Which I must feel and weep for ; tell me thine ;

And cease not if my face be turned away,  
Or if I play with grasses, heed it not ;  
For oft misfortune hath a sudden power  
To move me, and thou must not see my tears.

## CEPHALUS.

Fear not ; it is the soul's nobility  
That makes a way for sympathetic tears,  
As much as meanness is the certain spring  
Of those which mourn the coward's own mishap ;  
So strangely life is tempered, that a deed  
Is vile or great, according to the thought  
From which it grows ; this shall I show thee soon.  
But O, my bride, my wife, where'er thou art,—  
Whether a lonely wanderer mid the rocks  
Whose cruel hardness often shall recal  
The hardness of my anger ; whether now  
A trembling captive in the ruthless hands  
Of men that know not life's humanity,—  
Or whether (thought too bitter !) thou art passed  
Beyond the touch of mortals, leaving only

A few dull ashes to the mourning earth  
Which once thy beauty made supremely glad ;—  
O would that thou, in place of all beside,  
Could'st hear my strange confession ! would that thou  
Wert here to feel the passionate embrace,  
Which, if thou livest, shall recast the time  
When we came newly to each other's arms,  
And climbing stars made musical the night  
Till dawn came up behind them, with the sound  
Of welcome to the morning of our love.

For only thrice the changing moon hath grown  
From faint to rounded splendour, only thrice  
Hath crowned the forehead of the midnight south,  
Since I to Procris, fairest maid of all  
Whose beauty shines from god-blest Attica,  
Gave confirmation of a love begun  
In such a sweet, pure-hearted constancy,  
That haply thus the envy of the gods  
Was moved to work it evil, deeming us

Too far removed above the common fate  
Which gives to none contentment unimpaired.  
If this the cause I know not, nor desire  
To know what in me tempted the pursuit  
Of her whose love hath well-nigh proved too cruel,—  
Her, the bright goddess of the orient day,  
Whose golden tresses thou mayst oft have seen  
Flooding the east with glory. Marvel not ;  
'Twas in the first flush of a burning day  
That I had left my threshold, left my bride  
Still cradled in the happy thoughts of sleep,  
And sought the ridge from which I lately warned  
Thy heedless footsteps. There unwatched I stood,  
Save by the glances of a faithful hound,  
Tightening the stakes and many-folded nets  
Which since that hour have been unvisited ;  
When all around me spread an amber cloud,  
Not light, nor dark, but softly luminous,  
And lo ! the earth sank down, and I was left  
To drift I knew not whither, borne along

By winds that still seemed struggling into speech,  
Yet still dispersed in wordless cadences,  
Feeding my soul with undefined delight.  
Then all was lost in blank forgetfulness;  
And when I waked, which was not till the night  
Had set her first watch in the camps of heaven,  
I looked upon a face that stooped above me,—  
A face most beautiful, yet pitiless ;—  
The face of one, who, being of the gods,  
Feels but the joy of loving, not the pain,—  
That pain which is the seal of brotherhood  
For all things touched with earth's infirmity.

\* \* \* \* \*

Thus far upon the melancholy tide  
Of all my sorrows I have borne thee, youth ;  
Thus far have words been equal to declare  
What changing agonies of doubt and love  
Disturbed my spirit, while, perforce disguised,  
I tried the edge of each of those keen blades  
Wherewith the goddess cursed me,—flattery,

Then jealousy, then, subtlest of them all,  
The poisoned steel of false philosophy,—  
Upon the armour of her faultless will  
Whom I had boasted sweeter than divine.  
But not until the infinite abyss  
Of earth's untraversed ocean hath been spanned,  
And all its waters measured, drop by drop,  
Shall any words be found to comprehend  
The pain of that one moment when she turned  
And cast herself upon me, like a wave  
That casts itself upon the amorous shore,  
And in contented murmurings dies away.  
Methought in that one moment I could see  
A finger pointed at me from the sky,  
Marking me out for scorn, that I could hear  
The cruel laughter of the watching gods ;  
And in my pain I cursed the loves of men ;  
And in my wrath I bared this shrinking blade  
To slay the thing which had so wounded me  
And then in doubt or pity I forbore,

And rushed into the cooling deeps of night,  
Like one who plunges headlong in the flood  
To shun the jaws of fire, and, there upheld,  
He scarce knows how, floats blindly, till his foot  
Strikes on some jutting rock, that wakens him  
To view the ashes of his outraged home.  
So after many hours I found again  
My outraged hearth, but found it desolate,  
For Procris found I not,—for joy was gone,  
And all was gone which made life beautiful.

Not much remains ; like some whose straining bark  
Hath long been tossed beneath a lightless heaven,—  
A firmament of terror, only changed  
From black to grey as midnight yields to noon ;—  
Who, casting forth in eagerness a line,  
Have found the fathoms underneath their keel  
Still lessening toward an unknown continent,  
And know not yet if rescue waits them there,  
Or horrors of inevitable wreck ;

So deem I now that to a certain end  
My tribulation speedily draws nigh ;  
And though what end, I know not, yet doth hope  
Shine in the ascendant, overmatching dread.

For while last night, as far too oft hath been  
The occupation of those sleepless hours,  
I counted all my griefs, and weighed once more  
The utter strangeness of each past event,  
A yearning came upon me, a desire  
To search their deeper mysteries, and find  
My Procris guiltless, even at the cost  
Of tenfold desolation unto me.  
And as I groaned for very helplessness,  
The dark grew light, and one was standing there,  
O youth! more godlike, manlike, than the soul  
Hath yet had power most faintly to portray ;  
His face all might, and yet within his eyes  
A deeper, softer fire than ever dwelt  
Within the orbs of watching matronhood.

A conqueror ; for round his head was twined  
A wreath whose foliage was not of the leaf,  
But tongues of light that mingled each with each,  
And made a glory like the golden ring  
That hangs a warning round some wandering star  
When the late Autumn waxes big with storm.  
A conqueror, most surely ; yet not one  
Who in his victory hath beheld the wreck  
Of youth and life, or heard the cries of men  
Slain in the bloody closes of the fight ;  
But one (if such could be) that hath prevailed  
O'er force by gentleness, o'er wrong by love.  
Methought he questioned me ; and all my grief,  
Like melting clouds which may not cross the sun,  
Grew lighter in the telling : then he spake ;—  
Life and dominion in his utterance dwelt,  
For not the dead, for not the raging deep  
Could hear him speak, and still remain unmoved.  
Like the full sound of rivers flushed with rain  
His words streamed on, discoursing many things ;

And though, like floods, their strength hath passed  
me by,

Veiled in a mist of merged remembrances,  
One thing remains, a bright unvalued jewel,  
And I will wear it till, my wife, with thee  
I change it for the calm, unfearful trust  
Which yet once more shall make our lives divine !  
O friend, she was too guiltless ; not to me  
Should such a pearl of faultless excellence  
Have been committed ;—not to me, whose sense  
Denied its years of schooling, and condemned,  
Upon the shadow of a baseless tale,  
Her whose deserving, challenged to the proof,  
Would charge the heavens with lapsing constancy !  
For this I know, that in my touch she knew me ;—  
Even yet before her outward sight could pierce  
The thick disguise that mocked my struggling will,  
Her inward self had warning from her lips  
To lift the sign of welcome ; then she fell  
Upon my breast and I rejected her,—

Rejected her, rejected all my life.  
And now I wait, unto what end I know not ;  
To-day hath risen with better hopefulness,  
And that most wondrous vision, I may think,  
Came not to mock me with a joy withheld.

## PROCRIUS.

O break ! O break ! deep cistern of my tears ;  
Break, break, but not for anguish ! Turn to me,  
O Cephalus, O husband, turn to me !  
Is this disguise more hard to pierce than thine ?  
Hath this embrace no message for thy heart ?  
O yet again, and yet again my lips  
Shall call for entrance, as did thine to me,  
Until thou answer ; then will I return  
Unto the broken banquet of our loves.  
Ah ! no, not broken ; for a short two months,  
Which soon shall only seem a short two hours,  
Have we been sleeping, husband, and have dreamed  
Of powers that sought to part us each from each ;

So fond we were, to dream that those who dwell  
In bright unfading glory, envied us  
Our little portion of unstable joy!  
But I have waked and found thee near me still,  
And ten times sweeter for the fancied ill  
Is now thy presence and my soul's content.

## CEPHALUS.

Yea, ten times sweeter? Could my lips invent  
New forms of speech a thousandfold more strong  
Than such as yet have served us to prolong  
The lagging noon within these silent bowers,  
They could not image such a peace as ours.  
Here let us linger, feeding silently  
Upon the knowledge of each other's love,  
Until through yonder westward grove we see  
The day's last splendour; till the arch above  
Grows darker round some silver pointed star  
That brightens through the wind-tossed foliage,  
Like a faint signal seen across the bar

By those returned from storm-vexed pilgrimage ;  
Who now have furled the last neglected sail,  
And now have left the last laborious oar,  
And now give back the landsmen's joyous hail  
As grates their keel upon the clasping shore ;  
And now forget all overpast alarms  
Each in the shelter of his loved-one's arms.



# SONGS OF THE SPIRIT.



*HIEROGLYPHICS.*

NOT only kingdoms, dynasties, and powers,  
Whose name was something on the youthful earth  
When Time made less of unproductive hours  
Than now of moments—moments giving birth  
To thoughts outnumbering all which passed him by  
Who traced new sheepfolds in the Syrian sky ;

Not only these have left, before they fled  
Into the tombs of all forgetfulness,  
Recording sculptures, arduous to be read  
By even those who boast that they possess  
A right by lineage plainly to discern  
What others fain through slow research would learn.

Once I beheld—perchance 'twas in a dream,  
So distant seems that once, so faint, so strange,—  
A marble cliff, just crimson with the gleam  
Of daylight sunk beyond a darkening range;  
A marble cliff, snow-white, without a scar,  
Crowned with the burning of a silver star.

And underneath that fair projection lay  
Twin lakes, unroughed by any wandering gale,  
Whose tranquil bosom gloried to display  
A depth of blue that made the sky seem pale;  
And round their brink in undulations spread  
Meadows more soft than thought hath visited.

Again I saw it, after years had gone,—  
A million years they might be to the soul,  
Yet to the body counting but as one,—  
Again, but then no more serene and whole;  
Strange lines across its purity were traced,  
And half its glories evermore defaced.

O tell me, thou whose pureness charmed me, thou  
Whose life was sweet with ever fresh surprise,  
What grief is this which sits upon thy brow,  
What furrows these which cluster round thine eyes ?  
I cannot read them, yet must they express  
The plaintive tale of some most deep distress.

Lo ! I remember how in ages gone  
My thoughts besieged thee, how they strove to climb  
Each wall that gives protection to the throne  
Whereon thy spirit sits in state sublime ;  
Unheeding then, in self-defeating haste,  
How many fields of pleasure laid they waste.

Is it the tale of that unworthy strife  
Which thus confronts me ? Is it thus, that I  
Have left an impress on thine inward life  
Which will not leave it though the outward die ?  
Or lies it yet within my power to heal  
The scars which seem my condemnation's seal ?

H

I call, but find no answer ; I must wait  
Till Time breaks down the frontier which divides  
Thy soul from mine, and crowns one potentate  
Above the thoughts that warred on adverse sides ;  
And haply then we shall not care to see  
How great my fault, how real thy victory.

*DIVIDED.*

THOU art not dead ; perchance the tree yet grows,  
Dropping its shadows on the breezy grass,  
Whence shall be hewn a coffer to enclose  
Each creeping change through which thy frame  
shall pass ;  
Thou art not dead ; thy spirit hath not crossed  
The marge of life,—yet unto me how lost !

There is a river whose polluted stream  
Makes sad the silent palaces of woe ;  
That glides, unheard, beneath the fevered gleam  
Of fitful torches tossing to and fro ;  
And wheresoe'er its sluggard courses wind,  
Mirth goes before and cursing comes behind.

Upon one side thou standest, I on mine ;

Yet 'tis no space that holds us thus apart ;

To-day we met, the world could not divine,

When hand touched hand, how far was heart from  
heart ;

Would that the gulf which severs pole from pole

Divided sense, if soul might speak with soul.

Behold ! I sojourn in Egyptian night

Wherein can no man labour, but to thee

Late evening brings fresh revenues of light,

Folding thy flocks of stainless fantasy ;

And oft at midnight comes an angel by

With feet that move to some soft harmony.

O spotless one ! when I shall wake to gaze

On all the sins which part me now from thee,

To taste the fruit of unconsidered days,

To see the shrine of slaughtered purity

Scattered with broken fragments of the feast

Which lust held there till even life had ceased ;—

When I shall stand with silent lips asunder,  
And limbs that slowly stiffen into stone,  
With heart that faints, yet lives, and dares not wonder  
That all the guilt which frights it is its own ;  
When grief too late shall thirst for cooling tears,  
And each short moment seem an age of years ;—

O shall I then, from some unmeasured height,  
Hear thy life's carol floating faintly down,  
And catch a fainter sparkle of the light  
That ever shines about thy good deeds' crown,  
And feel e'en then a sharper torment thrust  
Into the wounds which soul received from dust ?

Or wilt thou come, as I have seen thee come,  
A lamp amid the deep caves of despair,  
And beckon forth from lips in anguish dumb  
A gathering shout of unrestrained prayer ;  
And through the space that feels a dawning fire  
Float on before us, higher yet and higher ;

Till, seeming nearer, yet before us still,  
Mingling thy chant more certainly with ours,  
We touch the foot of that most holy hill  
Whose breadth we know not, whose encrowning  
towers,  
If such there be, are lifted up sublime  
On steeps of light beyond all clouds of Time.

*TOGETHER.*

LANDS, seas, and winds between us ;—winds that  
Across the breadth of such unbounded seas  
That wreck may toss above the resting-place  
Of some doomed keel, unmarked for centuries  
Deserts whereon the low sun never drew  
The long stretched shadows of a wayworn crew.

Yea, more than deserts, more than lonely waves,  
More than the trackless chambers of the light,  
The tyrant rule to which our frames are slaves,  
Which fain would ask for speech, or touch, or sight,  
Before our souls can journey, hand in hand,  
Through memory's courts as through a breathless  
land.

Yet are we oft together ;—we have met  
    Upon the flights of faith's ethereal stair,  
Whereby worn spirits rise above the fret  
    Which to the faithless seems the end of care ;  
Where to their gaze Time's mysteries are brought,—  
Shadows of action, living forms of thought.

There have we met and watched the world go by—  
    The world that sees not, fears not, where it treads ;  
There have we met, and joinèd oft a sigh  
    To mark the vastness bending o'er our heads ;  
To mark how small the clearest soul's ascent  
Above the house of its imprisonment.

There still we meet ; yet not by each is seen  
    The other soul's more infinite abyss ;  
Passion and Pain for ever step between,  
    Like some too wisely envious of the kiss  
By startled lovers all too quickly given  
Beneath the stillness of a starlit heaven.

But Love works out his purpose ;—we shall meet,

O friend whose face I may not yet behold,

Within his light before whose veiled feet

We twain have stooped to grasp his mantle's fold ;

And I shall know thee—know thee for the same—

The grand, true soul whose body bore thy name.

*SOUGHT.*

O SWEET unknown, whose presence oft hath been  
The hovering vision of a sleepless night,  
Thy shape discerned, and yet thy face not seen,—  
Masked in the changes of a shifting light  
That ever seems in act to make thee known,  
Yet ever fades and leaves me more alone ;—

Lo ! even now, like some Laconian bride  
Who felt the sweetness of her lord's embrace  
In secret hours, until the appointed tide  
Put open trust in stolen rapture's place—  
Until, perchance, a closer bond was wrought  
Than dwelt in speech or love's most tender thought ;—

Lo! even thus in spirit art thou mine,  
Though still to us the envious years deny  
That we should less unconsciously entwine  
Those common dreams of life's great majesty  
By which our souls, oft mounting hand in hand,  
Have sought the plains of virtue's fatherland.

When shall we meet? Ah! doubt not we are one  
In their pure sight, who, in the times gone by  
Made earth rejoice with noble actions done  
Not for the praise of dim posterity,  
But for the passionate love that will not rest  
While, girt with joy, it sees the world unblest.

O linger not, slow Time! for this I know,  
That all delights which follow fancy's tread,—  
The sheltered brooklet's modulating flow,  
The nodding bells that shade Titania's bed,  
All winds that move beneath Spring-scented skies,  
All music wreathed with dreamland melodies;—

All these, my love, my soul's now fruitful wife,  
Are but the types of rapture more profound,  
Weak emblems of that ecstasy of life,  
Which, like a sea, will lap thee round and round,  
When thou shalt leave thy maidenhood divine  
And slowly drop thy being into mine.

*FOUND.*

STAND still awhile, sweet hours, before ye speed

Beyond this strangest landmark of my days,  
Stand still awhile, and let me idly feed

On that sweet name where centres all my praise,  
On thy sweet face, my crownèd queen and wife,  
On each fair promise of our blended life.

Our life, my love, our life ;—but ours how long ?

Count up the years which watched us move as  
twain,

And ask thyself if Love can be so strong,

Or Death so weak, that we shall count again  
That tale of years, before some darkness rise  
To shroud our spirits from each other's eyes ?

Is Love so strong? Nay, then, forgive the doubt;  
'Tis but a shadow of the world's great sin  
Which grieved experience looks upon without,  
And dreams anon may even dwell within;  
Better to trust the most deceiving love  
Than walk in fear lest ours unfaithful prove.

Is Death so weak? I know not; yet the mind  
Hath skill to sound the future ere it come,  
To weigh thy life's advantages, and find  
That day far off, when, rigid, cold, and dumb,  
Thy heavenly lips shall charm the earth no more  
With songs that melt the soul's most frozen core.

A long life lies before us;—O my love,  
If for ourselves we have inherited  
The power to see, the spirit to approve  
All beauteous things with which the earth is spread;  
Mysterious emblems of that perfect life  
Wherein each soul shall find in each a wife;—

O were it wise, my love, or were it kind  
To hide our pleasure from the hungry sense  
Of all the world, or make the sovereign mind  
A vassal in the courts of indolence ?  
But from this hour mankind are made our heirs ;  
I thine, thou mine—but our joint rapture theirs.



ABSOLUTION.

I



*ABSOLUTION.*

Is it yet morning, Lucio ? I have slept,--  
Slept the first time, I think, for twenty nights,  
And scarce can fancy, though it must be so,  
That day can thus creep on us unawares ;  
Yea, though this rest hath been most merciful,  
Yet have I half a mind to grudge the loss  
Of all those sweet gradations which prepare  
The world for each day's glory ; I have missed  
The bird's first answer to its questioning mate,  
The wind's first summons to the opening flowers,  
Or, as but yesterday, the light that seems  
To thread its way between the falling drops,  
Making their sound tenfold more musical.

And lifting it, by changes none can name,  
From deepest sorrow to a joy more grand  
Than tongue can speak, or any heart conceive.

O friend, more valued as from day to day  
A summons felt, not uttered, draws me on  
To leave behind the soulless crowds of men,  
And feel the weight of individual life,—  
Lucio, strange thoughts have been with me this  
night,

And I must tell thee of them, though perchance  
But little thou wilt comprehend their bearing,  
Yet must I speak of them, if but to gain  
Some better confirmation of their truth  
Than mere reflection gives me ; for a thought  
Is ever weighed and valued by the words  
Whereto 'tis wedded ; if the thought be good  
Then doth it gather confidence, but if  
In aught it lacks, then is its lightness seen ;—  
So would I test the dream that came to me.

Yet, ere I speak, turn outward from the wall  
The best of all my pictures ;—nay, not that ;—  
Then should I see the blushing limbs of her  
Whom Cyprus worshipped, stretched at all their  
length  
Upon a mossy carpet ;—nay, nor that ;—  
The days are gone wherein I took delight  
In nymphs with shoulders whiter than the moon  
Whose level glance searched out their hiding place ;  
The best of all my pictures—there it hangs.  
Art thou surprised ? let me forestall thy speech ;  
I count that best—I, whose vainglorious hand  
Was famed for tints of undulating flesh  
Which seemed too much like nature, count that best  
Because my heart was in it. Hear, my friend ;  
Is't not a satire on the aims of life  
That I, whose fame grew up to such a height,  
Thank God my heart was never with my touch ?  
It was not, Lucio ; evermore I scorned  
The crowd of fools that murmured ' wonderful ;'

And scorned myself that fed their sensual eyes  
With visions pure to me, but what to them ?  
Here, as thou seest, there is not hand nor arm,  
Nor any glimpse of half unmantled breast,  
Suggestive in its roundness, for display  
Of that unworthy arrogance of art  
Which fain would make corruption beautiful.  
Only two faces, Lucio—scarcely that ;  
But I have striven to lodge a soul behind  
The childish, yet maternal, glance of her  
Who holds the slumbering Jesus, looking out  
Beneath the purple drapery round her head  
As if commanding silence. Wouldst thou know,  
Beyond all this, what feeling leads me on—  
Me, that have laughed at all religious rites  
And now die here desiring not their aid—  
To prize this most ? The answer serves again—  
' Because my heart was in it ; ' had I lived,  
Though scorning still the drear conventual rule  
Which addeth saint to saint until the mind

Grows sick with repetitions, yet had I  
Made fresh beginnings, Lucio, in my art ;  
The soul had been enthroned, and earthly things  
Been held in right subjection ; then, perchance,  
Something had stayed behind me on the earth,  
Something more quick with spirit than with sense,  
Whereon good men should ponder ; as for these—  
These which have claimed the firstfruits of my skill,  
These which have well performed their worthy part  
To feed my mouth with bread, my heart with praise—  
I know that these must perish ; dust to dust,  
And Aphrodite once again resolves  
Into a wandering foam-flake of the sea,  
Whose taste is far less bitter than her love.

But these two faces, Lucio—thou shalt learn  
What power it is that bindeth them to me.  
Dost thou not call to mind a dark-haired child,  
A little gipsy princess, as she seemed,  
That once was wont to exercise her sway

Over my house, and called me by a name  
Which I denied to all who questioned me,  
Baffling their tongues, yet, haply, not their eyes,  
With tales of guardianship? Ah me! Ah me!  
Well might they watch her closely, well might I  
Torment my heart with dread of that reproach  
Which had not been so biting as my own!  
For she was mine indeed; O when she died  
I thought that good had quitted me for ever,  
And for a season gave myself a prey  
To those unhallowed legends of despair,  
Those whips of dread which monkish preachers use  
To frighten men from evil. Then it was,  
Or after that, when in a sombre mood  
Too much at variance with the thought of life  
For wonted occupation, that on this  
(My sole acknowledgment of any creed  
Beyond the faith in nature's loveliness)  
I set myself, and as the picture grew—  
Whether some vague and unconfessed idea

Of reparation led me to that end  
I cannot tell—but as the picture grew  
It took the well-known lineaments of her  
Whose lot too sadly linked itself with mine ;  
Not as in health, but as she looked and smiled  
The day when last I saw her.

O that day!—

Nothing it profits, Lucio, any man  
To hold his pleasure dearer than the good  
Of those with whom he sojourns ; yet, methinks,  
If it be true that none can journey clear  
Of all offence, I would not that he sinned  
Against the strong, whose power to recompense  
Is wont to dull the sense of injury ;  
But let his soul's accusers take their stand  
Upon their very weakness, let them wield  
No other weapon save the unpurchased love  
Which unto them doth make forgiveness sweet,  
But unto him how bitter ! O the pain  
To be forgiven ! To lean upon a staff

Which seems secure, but in a moment breaks,  
And leaves the leaner agonized with doubt,  
Lest, in the great revisal of all wrongs,  
That very love which prompted to forgive  
Should turn the scale against him. Thus did she ;  
Nay, in that hour, when, cursed by all her kin,  
She went to claim God's judgment from the world's,  
Her last-breathed words were blessing. Was't not  
strange?

Too strange it seemed, until my dream this night,  
(If dream it be, and not the first faint glimpse,  
As city towers are seen and lost again  
By one who nears them, of the life to come)  
Took all conjecture's too dispersed shafts,  
And drew them to one centre.

For then, I thought, my soul had climbed beyond  
This seeming, false reality, and stood  
In the clear daylight of eternal laws  
To judge its own deserving ; for thou know'st

That not less great than is my scorn for those  
Who preach the unlicensed gospel of despair,  
Is this my faith in immortality,  
And in the harvest righteous unto all ;  
For God is just, and we, being part of Him,  
Must needs, what time the blindness of the flesh  
Is worn away, see all things as they are,  
Even ourselves, and in that seeing, live.  
So did I stand, while from some opening gulf  
Came up, like troops of unremembered dead,  
Acts—ay, and thoughts—all acts and all intents  
Which once through me poured down into the stream  
Of this world's history ; now and then came one  
That wore a crown of glory, yet it seemed  
As if the light dwelt alway in the crown,  
And was not native to the wearer's face ;  
But when, as oft, a felon form passed by,  
Its proper shade waxed so intensely black  
That even what glimmering showed them as they rose  
Seemed bright around it ; side opposing side

They drew their ranks, and I was left between,  
The vantage ground for which those threatening hosts  
Should presently be striving. Then I said,  
'Lo! these of light are far outnumbered now ;  
And when she comes whose injury transcends  
The sum of all iniquities beside,  
Then will my lot be dreadful.' Even then  
I looked far off, and saw against the gloom,  
Like sails that shine against a seaward cloud,  
Her coming on, like such a sail to shore ;  
And like a breeze the light came after her,  
And like the ripple round the cleaving stem  
The waving tresses parted from her brow.  
Then stood she still, and after some brief space—  
How short or long I know not, for my thoughts  
Had left all else to marvel—from her lips  
Came words so sweet and untranslatable,  
That, though the spirit heard, the memory still  
Would mock the tongue that strove to copy them ;  
And when she ceased, as those who on that mount

Of famed Transfiguration, from the cloud  
Gathered new loneliness, so I with her  
Was left alone, and all beside were gone.

Ah! let me doubt no more! 'Tis true, my friend,  
The comfort that she gave me—far more true,  
Though appertaining unto things unseen,  
Than are the laws of those who contemplate  
The world of matter;—far more true than these  
Is that great law which gives unto the soul  
The power, by deep repentance, not to turn  
The course of nature's justice, but to bring  
Out of that justice healing to itself,  
And restitution in a grander kind  
To those it sometime injured. When at last,  
By much resolve and importunity,  
Through much defeat of ignorance by wit,  
Through the slow victory of the stronger will  
Over the weaker, I had robbed her life  
Of all save love for him that did the wrong,

Could the sharp anguish of my soul prevail,  
To work a contradiction to the laws  
By which in time the world is perfected ?  
Yea, but one thing was left me ; for I strove,  
By that same power which found her weak without,  
To give her strength within ; to shift her gaze  
From evil done, and fix it on the good  
Which, sown as evil, yet might spring therefrom ;  
To teach her how to judge between the act  
And its resulting ; how to bear the scorn  
With which the world might hail her, trusting all  
To Him whose light is never crossed by cloud  
Of guilt, nor dim with vengeful ignorance.  
So died she, like a day in Summer-time—  
A morn too bright, a noon o'ercast with storms,  
But, after that, one short declining hour  
Whose tear-washed beauty makes amends for all ;  
So died she, leaving only unto me  
That spotless child, a twilight messenger  
Of reconciliation.

Hear me now ;—

This day will pass like many gone before,  
Perchance the next—but eventide draws on,  
And I must presently embark with those  
Who, like the kind Phæacians, shall convey  
Me, slumbering, to a less perturbèd realm  
Than that famed island, like whose wandering king  
My soul hath lingered on the enchanted shore,  
Not chained, but in the freedom of its will  
Tenfold more guilty :— O my friend, what need  
For men to smile upon the slips of one  
That stands above them ? Doth that pardon him ?  
Or in the glories of his genius shall  
His conscience find a cure ? I tell thee, nay ;  
For Nature so distributes, giving one,  
Lest his great gifts should hoist him up with pride,  
A constant thorn of sensual desires ;  
And to another, lest desire's excess,  
Should overmatch the God within the man,  
Keeness of conscience even to misery.

These twain are met within me ; wherefore I,  
Though haply erring less, have suffered more  
Than many men whose lives will not be scanned  
So closely as will mine. Take therefore heed  
Of this my vision ; let it be for all  
Who fain would look within my secret heart,  
The witness of a man who sinned too much,  
Who sought repentance out with many tears,  
And found some absolution ere he died.

## SONNETS.

K



## I.

I saw a spirit, like a beauteous maid  
All lonely mid a shadow-haunted wild,  
Where, since the day that saw her last a child,  
Her aimless feet, with scarce a guide, had strayed ;  
In thick coarse weeds of bitter doubt arrayed,  
That to her shape perforce were reconciled,  
With eyes cast down, mute lips that sadly smiled,  
She journeyed on, perplexed and oft afraid ;  
But on a sudden kindled from above  
A light that startled all that gloom of wood,  
And, like the soft descending of a dove,  
Dropped down a voice that changed her downcast  
mood  
With hands outstretched and face upturned she  
stood  
All radiant in the nakedness of love.

## II.

O Love, thou art not what thou seem'st to be;—  
Thou art not vows, thou art not pleading tears,  
Thou art not length of undivided years,  
Nor days of joy, nor nights of mystery;  
We boast thy presence, yet we only see  
The shadowy veil which still thy godhead wears,  
When, rising up from banquet with thy peers,  
Thou com'st to those who stretch their hands to  
thee:—  
O will the voice of no continual prayer,  
The incense of no sacrifice, prevail  
To part the cloud that hides thy face most fair?  
Thy glance shines forth, like lightning through the  
hail,  
And in the rift, most terrible and pale,  
Death shakes his dart and beckons; who shall dare?

## III.

When to my couch unsullied dreams repair,  
I see thy shape, not as 'tis seen by day,  
But all divine, and decked in such array  
As decks the daughters of a world more fair ;  
Thy face, the floating glory of thy hair,  
Thy sweet low whispers, breathing of the May,  
Thy soft deep glance that melts my soul away,  
Thy smile that courts, and yet forbids, despair ;—  
All these are there ; and to thee in my dream  
I stretch my hands, like one who gropes for light  
Amid the perils of a deepening stream ;  
Then wake and find thee gone ; no sound nor sight  
Relieves the dark, save some faint lantern's gleam,  
Or clocks that count their sorrows to the night.

## IV.

I saw, in shape of one but newly dead,  
A fruitful nation falling to decay,  
Her prime's soft beauty wasted all away,  
And weeds of burial wrapped around the head,  
Which, raised up once, had through the darkness shed  
A light of joy to many souls astray,—  
Whose words had been the life from day to day  
Of those who mourned beside that voiceless bed ;  
But while I wept, for very sympathy,  
I heard a voice, perchance to those unknown,  
Scattering the pain of death's dumb mystery ;  
' O'er every life descended from its own  
The soul still reigneth, crowned eternally,—  
The doom of dust shakes not the spirit's throne.'

## V.

Methought in vision I beheld a stair  
That rose from utter darkness, from the pit  
Where captived sin and crowned corruption sit  
Amid the skeletons of things that were ;  
But as it rose, the less polluted air  
Grew bright with glory, falling over it  
From heights unknown, which seemed divinely lit  
With hopes more vast than all that vast despair ;  
And on its steps the many priests of song  
Answered each other, while continually  
They uttered forth the praises which belong  
To that great law whose mystic harmony  
Pairs soul with soul, and woos the scattered throng  
To closer love through all eternity.

## VI.

To be alone—to leave the restless town,  
The breathless glare of each untiring street,  
And slowly climb, between the walls of wheat,  
Up to the silent summit of the down ;  
And there to rest until the Northern Crown  
Grows out against the day's retiring heat,  
Until the purpling air grows cool and sweet,  
And brooks begin to make their music known ;—  
This joy, my friend, when doubts are at their worst,  
When memory brings her accusations nigh,  
Is not surpassed by his who roams athirst  
Beneath a bright, inhospitable sky,  
And comes anon to where fresh springs upburst  
Under the palm grove's rustling melody.

## VII.

Sight, sound, and speech,—O most mysterious trine  
Of Heaven-appointed ministers that wait  
Upon the suffering spirit's exiled state,  
Bearing its sighs to regions more divine ;—  
Whether mid pastures of the day's decline  
Your footsteps are, or through the glorious gate  
Of Summer mornings ye precipitate  
The songs wherein faint night perceives her sign ;  
Or in the cool of some retirèd spot  
The air scarce moves to one propitious word,  
Which, uttered once, is nevermore forgot ;—  
How sweet your tales, how sad with hope deferred,—  
With dreams of good which eye beholdeth not,  
Nor lips can speak, nor ever ear hath heard.

## VIII.

A sad grey twilight, after wind and showers,  
With streaks of amber in the archèd west,  
And one that grows, absorbing all the rest,  
Herald of hope to drenched and shivering flowers ;—  
Dearer to me than all unclouded hours—  
Sweet babes that die on June's regretful breast—  
Dearer than hues with which October best  
Doth love to deck the sorrowing wood-nymph's  
bowers,—  
Is such an evening ;—then the heart grows full  
With mute content, and pity which inclines  
To help the feet whose lamp but feebly shines ;  
Then could I walk until the roads grew dull,  
To hear each gust that comes behind a lull  
Rush through the beech and roar along the pines.

## IX.

To be unhappy,—how the world doth dread  
This word ‘unhappy’;—like a charm it lies  
Across the gates of goodly enterprise,  
Hindering their steps who else would freely tread  
That rich dominion; who, as from the dead  
Was once brought back the bride of many sighs,  
Would else bring back, to gladden yearning eyes,  
Deeds which too much are left in memory’s bed;  
O let not such a hindrance be for me!  
Rather than stand computing on the brink,  
Let me launch forth, undoubting, when the sea  
Is all astir with tempest—let me drink  
Salt waves of maddening sorrow, ere I sink  
Into that grief which is eternity.

## X.

I love thee, Autumn ;—whether, rude and loud,  
The moist battalions of the bordering main  
Storm through the uplands, leaving in their train  
The chastisement of all that hath not bowed ;  
Whether the morning, decked in amber shroud,  
Looks through the drift of gently falling rain,  
Or noontide spreads above the steamy plain  
Blue straits of sky, and continents of cloud,—  
I love thee, Autumn ;—all thy charms are those  
Which with no rich exceeding vex the mind,  
Nor for vain visions barter its repose ;  
But in their soft departure leave behind  
That true content which bears with present shows,  
Yet to their future meaning is not blind.

## XI.

Say not, 'I am unworthy;'—who doth know,  
Before occasion wait upon his powers,  
Before the slowly culminating hours  
Bring round that one which firmly whispers 'Go;'—  
Who knows (I say) what strength to overthrow,  
What skill to raise up more ethereal towers,  
Lives, as the fruit beneath soon faded flowers,  
Beneath youth's vain and all-imperfect show?  
For what is worth? 'Tis neither wit nor sense,  
Nor matchless conquest over Hydran lore,  
Nor wealth of thought, nor lips of eloquence;  
But 'tis the power to talk with Providence;  
To mark what time God's finger points a door,—  
To work in faith, and only look before.

## XII.

He talked with Love;—‘Is there,’ he said, ‘not one  
Of all that throng whose meek and holy eyes  
Look up to heaven as violets to the skies,  
Within whose veins the sinless passions run  
As pure as bubbling water o’er the stone,—  
Is there not one whose heart would sacrifice  
Some ease or wealth, to succour him that dies  
For lack of pity, hopeless and alone?’  
And Love made answer;—‘If perchance there be,  
Yet vain all search, all arts that strive to make  
Some conscious contract of felicity;  
But from mysterious slumber thou shalt wake,  
And find her sweet face bending over thee,  
As bends a dawn-crowned mountain o’er a lake.’

# MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.



*HERO.*

THE slow light broadens with the freshening gale  
That blows aside the dark attire of day,  
And lets her glance paint up yon lonely sail  
Which from the blue wave lifts a silver spray;  
One star remains of all heaven's company—  
Light yields to light;—but what is light to me?

For I am old;—ah me! how long ago  
Was I beloved,—beloved, and therefore young?  
How long since I was wont to watch the glow  
That crimsoned all the breakers, till my tongue  
Sent forth a cry, until my arms stretched wide  
To see thy face come slowly through the tide?

L

How many days, ye gods! how many years

Since I went down, what time the darkness wore  
To dawn, and found the shipwreck of my prayers  
Dashed all at length upon the swirling shore?  
How long, my love, since on this sea-beat slope  
Thy cold touch froze the drooping flower of hope?

O magic grief! that hast indeed the power

To make one night a long, long century,  
To make the light-winged pulses of an hour  
Each seem a night drawn out with agony!  
O heartless grief! that thus wilt age the mind,  
Wilt steal all hope, yet leave the life behind!

No streaks of white these wandering tresses know;

These eyes are dim, but only dim with tears;  
All vacant yet is this too lineless brow  
For Time to write his history of years;  
Yet my soul's winters must uncounted be,  
For thou art dead, and thou hast died for me.

O did no whisper ever haunt thy ear,  
What time thy limbs were wont to taste the sea,  
No hint of weakness warn thee to forbear,  
And take thy choice of life or constancy?  
Or wert thou made too confident by fate,  
That love unmatched might yield the fruit of hate?

Doth reason say thy frown is for the wave  
That called his fellows o'er thee, one by one?  
Or that thy hands are clenched against the grave  
That stood close by until their work was done?  
Yet those rude powers most freely pardoned are,  
And love doth call me only to the bar.

Against thee only I alone have sinned,  
Against thee only, love, and none beside;  
And I alone—not warring waves and wind,  
Nor faithless strength, nor strong, perplexing tide;  
The sole love mine, and only mine the gain—  
Mine the sole loss, and mine alone the pain.

Therefore I charge you, though my love was fair  
As all the gods, and more than any born,  
Though earth shall aye be impotent to bear  
A life so sweet, though all his kind shall mourn,  
And ask the loveless ages as they flee  
'Where is that passion which o'ercame the sea?'—

I charge you, winds, that henceforth on this day  
Ye with no sign of tempest vex the sky,  
Nor chant my love's name in a roundelay  
To those who watch the noiseless sparks slip by,  
While the dark canvas sings a soft sad tune,  
And waning night brings up the waning moon.

And ye cold waves, I charge you mingle not  
A lamentation with your murmuring swell;  
Let love and grief be equally forgot—  
The first embrace, the last intense farewell  
And hear my last commanding, ere I leap  
Into the arms that welcome me to sleep:—

That when your care hath rocked me to and fro,  
Hath overmatched the armies of my breath,  
Shown me a million coral caves below,  
And wrapped me round in swathing bands of death,  
Hath gently forced the too reluctant gates  
Of those calm fields where now Leander waits ;—

Ye yield me up to those who sadly bore  
This sea-robbed casket to its mistress' feet,  
To lay me safe upon the self-same shore  
Which nevermore shall clasp a wreck so sweet ;  
So some shall find us resting side by side,  
And know that death hath made a widow—bride.

*A BROKEN YOKE.*

ALL over thus, all over ;—I have been  
Mad for a period of some fifteen years ;  
Death is the cure for madness ; death cures mine,  
But not my death.

O just-departed soul !

Dost thou look down now on my life, laid bare  
By some fine touch of all-revealing powers,  
Dost thou look down and curse me that I lied ?  
They say God 'winks at madness ; if a hand,  
A mother's hand, to feed her child that starves,  
Makes sudden practice of the felon's art,  
Her fault is nothing ; or if one should slay  
The friend whose treachery hath laid waste his love ;

Or one pursued by legions of despair,  
Hell-hounds that daunt the bravest, should be bold  
To put the narrow rivulet of death  
Between him and his enemies,—there stands  
Compassion and forgiveness far more wide  
For acts which else would ever chain the soul  
Within the lowest pit. Can Truth be thus  
Abused for some great purpose, yet remit  
Her stripes for him that used her name in vain?

Tell me that purpose, Memory, if thou canst ;  
Go lightly over all my other sins,  
For I confess them often ; say that I,  
Being a poor man in the eyes of God,  
Would fain have made conjunction with a soul  
Whose wealth was past computing ; say that I,  
Mixing some dross of sensual desire  
With what I called true worship, suffered shame,  
Was scorned, rejected, humbled ;—this I know ;  
Say, too, but not too sternly, how my passion

Cursed what it grasped not, how, with dust of gold,  
I stalked into the human market place,  
And bid for what most pleased me—brought it home,  
(The feeble life which late this cold clay held)  
And from that dreadful drunkenness awoke  
To self-contempt and anguish past control.  
Repeat all this my folly, but forbear  
To make aught smooth with whispers of excuse;  
Let Him do that, who only knows in truth  
How much my soul repented, if at all.

O wife all mine, whose husband I was not  
Save in the world's conjecture—O my wife,  
Look down from that fair city of repose  
O'er which thy single talent, used so well,  
Hath made thee ruler; look and understand.  
Ah! it may be that in that other world  
All Time doth seem too dreamlike for the gaze  
Of those whose gazing lifts them up to God;  
Yet for my sake perchance a look may fall

Earthward, unmissed, and make not wholly vain  
My long-felt wish to hold thee in discourse  
Whom death hath now set free from jealousy.  
Rememberest thou that evening when we stayed,  
But three weeks wed, beside the Southern sea  
Whose level music even now I hear  
Chanting strange songs throughout the olive shades ?  
Rememberest how I left thee all the night,  
And came at morn to find thee trembling, faint,  
As fear and pale suspicion, turn by turn,  
Wielded their tyrannous sceptres o'er thy heart ?  
That night, I know, was peaceful ; ne'er, perhaps,  
Had stars so bright been mapped on such a sea,  
Never had air such fragrance, never wind  
Such rests or such melodious intervals ;  
Yet was there war in heaven ; all that depth,  
Rich with the glory of ten thousand worlds,  
Seemed but a cloud to shut some portent out,  
Some strife of dreadful armies, keeping tune  
With those that found their battle-field in me.

Rememberest thou ? Ah ! rather let me think  
That what is ever-living, hath no need  
To be drawn up from Time's forgetful deep  
By cords of reminiscence—even this,  
The victory of my nature o'er itself,  
Is shown to thee by some that understand,  
Who count my tears of bitterness, and say,  
' God helped him to a falsehood for thy sake.'

Was it then God that helped me ? ' God is truth,'  
'Tis said by many, doubting what they mean;  
But as for me, I know it ; 'twas from Him  
That I, than whom none better knew that truth,  
Casting in wrath a cloak of lies about me,  
Should, alway after, see the truth too plain,  
Should see the food, and yet not eat thereof.  
Nay, 'twas my own deserving ; 'twas the law  
That visits all offences with their kind ;  
And shall men dare to deck themselves with praise  
For that late patience, which, if grasped before,

Had been the avoiding of their punishment?  
Or say, 'Twas madness; God will make men mad,  
And He blots out their sinning?' Let them not!  
It is not only in that world to come  
That Justice sits—nay, all is mercy there;  
But o'er this one her righteous scales are hung,  
And he that sinneth, let him never think  
Forth from her guarded prison-house to go  
Until the last mite opes for him the door.  
Is much guilt madness? What is madness then  
But the long-lasting sentence over guilt?  
Sin scourgeth sin, as light rewardeth search,  
As darkness waits on blindness, wrath on wrath.

Let go the past, vain dreamer, let it go!  
Thou shalt not find much comfort dwell therein,  
Save only this—that God is merciful,  
And bringeth light from darkness, e'en for those  
Whose will would fain make darkness of His light;  
Light,—not to burn those righteous scars away,

But, by its constant shining, make them less  
And less a grievance to the rising soul.  
I have one child in heaven—I have still  
One daughter here whose ripening maidenhood  
Seems the forecasting of a glorious prime ;  
And we have all one Father, O my wife,  
Who haply yet shall join His children's hands.

*GREEK WINE.*

---

Quo te carmine dicam, Thera ?

---

‘ WELCOME to thy sparkling treasure,  
Product of the classic vine ;  
Welcome to the mystic legends  
Which around thy memory twine.’

Speaking thus, I drained the goblet  
Filled with Thera’s golden prime,  
Brought by many-handed labour  
From a strange barbaric clime.

Straightway swam the walls around me,  
As a wild disordered train,  
Led by Thought’s imperious finger,  
Rushed into my reeling brain.

Hark ! what shouts of exultation  
Pierce the midnight's dewy shroud,  
See the tossing lights descending  
From the mountain wrapt in cloud.

Io !—Io !—nearer—nearer—  
Sweeps the fierce triumphant song,  
Louder swells the surging murmur  
Of the Bacchanalian throng.

Watch along the startled forest  
How the fitful torches gleam ;  
See the wingèd child of Venus  
Leading on the spotted team,

Purple robes about him flowing  
On the golden car he stands—  
He who spread his jocund conquest  
Over all the willing lands.

Starlike leans his bride beside him,  
She who, left on Naxos' shore,  
By a mortal all forsaken,  
Found a god who loved her more.

Round about the glowing axle  
Press the ivy-cinctured train,  
Bright eyed Mœnads dancing past me  
Like a gust across the main.

Cymbals at their loudest clashing  
Down the valley further stray;  
Fainter still the torches flashing—  
Fading with the dream away.

Then I saw Silenus, weary,  
Sleeping on the chequered ground,  
Sleeping in the noontide shadow,  
While the Satyrs piped around.

Far away the vine-clad mountain,  
Bathed in silent sunshine, rose,  
Bees about the thymy fountain  
Spread a murmur of repose.

Changed the scene once more, and led me  
To that sad Thessalian vale,  
There I saw the routed Centaurs  
Fly before the warlike hail.

Darts and stones together whirling,  
Bringing death from every side,  
Every stroke the fierce avenger  
Of a violated bride.

Ah! what self-consuming madness  
Swayed the rough equestrian brood  
Ah! what merciless destruction  
Filled the festal cup with blood

Scarce the tumult of the battle  
From my dream had passed afar,  
When I heard an aged minstrel  
Chanting strains of godlike war.

For a space the listening princes  
Hushed the uproar in the hall,  
While that deep and tragic measure  
Told of Troy's unhappy fall.

Till at last the shipwrecked stranger,  
Sitting all unheeded by,  
Felt the secret water stealing  
From his unaccustomed eye ;

Till, in tones that strove with weeping,  
To the wondering bard he cried,  
'Thou hast told of all my labour,  
Thou hast sung my nation's pride.'

M

Ah! too soon the present called me  
From the garden of the past!  
Voices seemed to close around me—  
Voices talking loud and fast;—

Girded with a paper label,  
Mocking dreams so lightly gone,  
Stood the bottle on the table,—  
‘Will you kindly pass it on?’

*LOVE AND KNOWLEDGE.*

MOURN not too much those early joys which fade—  
Sweet blossoms of that uncorrupted youth  
Which in them only fain would see displayed  
The sum of all that mates with peace and truth ;  
So droops, when tempest overcasts the day,  
When light and shade are with the clouds at strife,  
So droops the fairest coronal of May  
Slain by those showers which bear a nobler life ;  
Yet doth the year, when fields are all a-wave  
With golden wheat, still weep beside the grave  
Of frail delights which once he could not save ?  
So when thy fruit, from each tempestuous hour  
Hath drunk new life, still adding power to power,  
Less shalt thou prize, but not forget, the flower.

But not forget ;—O life were dark indeed,

    If, with the dawn of purposes mature,

There came a voice to contradict thy creed

    In all which once was deemed most true, most  
    pure;

O rather than than seek the paths of truth,

    Dwell on, my soul, with things that seem to be,

And, clasping close the simpleness of youth,

    Leave wisdom's fruit ungathered on the tree:—

If love be all untrue, yet happier far

To fix thy gaze on that misleading star,

To walk in doubt, and be what day-dreams are ;

    Than by the stairs of knowledge rise to find

    A loveless intellect the perfect mind,

    That scans the universe, yet spurns its kind.

*EMILIA.*

SHE sits apart, as if she would not hear

The sound of love and young light-hearted mirth,  
Blind to the day, and feeling not the tear  
That from her eyelid trembles to the earth.

Think not her thoughts unkindly, though they seem  
Ranging the vault of joyless memories ;  
Disturb her not, for she has had her dream,  
And goes to watch it where entombed it lies.

She, too, hath loved ; well hath she known the  
pleasure

That thrills the touch of closely clasping hands,  
The light, the warmth, that only find their measure  
In the blue deeps that girdle southern lands.

She, too, hath hoped, till hope became her being,  
And in that hope she climbed from age to age ;  
It died,—she died ; yet all her wrecked foreseeing  
Bought not affliction's rightful heritage.

Dying, she lived ; not as a burdened spirit  
Whose glad departure mocks the belfry's dole,  
But as a corpse, still sentenced to inherit  
The worst of life, and live without a soul.

Yet for that love she hath a dwelling made  
Within her bosom's most unchanging deep,  
Far from the world as some mysterious glade,  
Shadowed by hills, and screened by woods so  
steep—

That never there the searching gaze of noon  
Can touch the ice-cold rivulet that shoots  
Through fretting rocks, nor yet the winter moon  
Make plain the horror of the twisted roots.

Where not the sailor's token can be read—  
The guiding Pole—but Cassiopeia's chair  
Glides on its midnight journey overhead—  
Sad sign of patience frozen with despair.

Thither, mid silent pauses of the strife  
With self-sought care, that memory comes again,  
A ghost that haunts the palaces of life,  
Seeking some quiet resting place in vain.

Then for a moment wakes within her breast  
The joy, the dread of loving, like a gleam  
That dies at evening in the rainy west;—  
Disturb her not, for she hath had her dream.

*SPRING SONG.*

LISTEN !—a thousand beaded drops  
Are splashing on the eaves,  
And bending down the tender tops  
Of newly-opened leaves.

The winding stream's unmoving tide  
Is dark with moving spray,  
The level fields their freshness hide  
In cloaks of dreary grey.

And where anon the mists are broke,  
Like some vast funeral pile  
Half seen through depths of drifting smoke,  
Stands up a pine-clad isle.

O child ! 'tis not the cloud thou seest—  
Thou hearest not the rain ;  
'Tis not the gust's returning strength  
That beats upon the pane.

But from the river's reedy brink,  
From every brightened sod,  
Rejoicing earth leaps up to drink  
The equity of God.

And where the larches scale the slope,  
From many a pendant string  
An angel wakes his psalm of hope—  
The angel of the Spring.

*A FAREWELL.*

GRIEVE not, my queen, that when we parted  
Upon that choice of final ways,  
Diverging still from whence they started  
Till each to each is lost in haze;—

Grieve not that when the words were spoken  
That loosed my pinnace from the shore,  
We paused to interchange the token  
Of love that can be ours no more.

I cannot call that kiss unholy,  
Although the world might well condemn ;  
Our lips discoursed of melancholy,  
And pain, not pleasure, tempted them.

The world hath favour for possessors,  
Hath laws to keep their kingdom free ;  
Such laws are just to all transgressors,  
But what, my queen, to you and me ?

*DEEP WATERS.*

O DEEM not the unwrinkled brow  
Bespeaks a mind at rest ;—  
No more the ice-supported snow,  
Untouched in Alpine rifts, can show  
How far the torrent whirls below,  
How froths its rocky breast.

The deeper strikes a mortal wound,  
The deeper lies its scar ;  
So one may stand to hear around  
Light mirth or music's pleasant sound,  
And smile to think that none have found  
How keen his tortures are.

But hast thou watched, when, all alone,  
    He entertains his care,—  
The tearless sigh, the inward groan?—  
Whatever griefs may be thine own,  
Be grateful if thou hast not known  
    A grief which none may share.

*THE POET'S DREAM.*

HE dreamed, but not of broadening lakes  
Whose every crisping wave  
Threw back the light, in crimson flakes,  
Of day that knew no grave.

No airy shape deceived his eyes,  
No touch his yearning sense,  
Nor did the songs of Paradise  
Seem floating down from thence.

But from the hour of mustering spheres  
Until their ranks grew thin,  
He watched with one whose ceaseless tears  
Confessed relinquished sin.

All night she wept ; she rose at morn  
And walked by tower and grove ;  
She trained her heart to bear with scorn,  
But only met with love.

The landscape vision fades again,  
Unreal is all the hue  
Of skies in sleep ;—he dreamed of men,  
But was his dream more true ?

*ENTER.*

HAVE ye heard it, have ye heard it?  
Have ye heard that wondrous psalm?  
Falling from the heights of morning,  
Sweet, triumphant, clear, and calm?

All the clouds stood still to hear it,  
All the breezes held their breath,  
As it swept by moor and valley,  
Speeding to the house of death.

‘Enter, enter, enter, enter!’—  
(So methought the numbers ran),  
‘Break the bars that would prevent her  
Death, supremest friend of man.

Burst the shades of life asunder,  
Let the unprisoned soul survey  
All the glory, all the wonder,  
Of the one unshaded day.

‘Hath she been her own reprover?  
She shall hear of praise instead;  
Hath she doubted? doubts are over,  
Now that faith itself is dead.

‘Was she wronged? those wrongs are righted  
Was she blinded? she shall see;  
Was she oft by evil frightened?  
Lo! the throne of purity.

‘Enter, enter, enter, enter,—  
Through the door that opes in pain,  
Through the door that opes on glory,  
Nevermore to close again.’

We have heard it, we have seen it,  
Seen that glory, heard that strain ;—  
Ah ! we murmured, could we see it—  
Could we hear it once again ;—

Could some echo near us linger,  
Could some twilight round us stay,  
Such a gleam as evening leaveth  
Watching round the tomb of day ;—

Then should life submerge its boundaries,  
Death his own consoler be,  
Grief become the lord of promise,  
Hope be made reality.

*A PERFECT DAY.*

‘TELL me thy wish,’ it seemed a voice  
Cried from the circling world of fays,  
‘Tell me thy wish, and take thy choice  
Of joys that fix thy gaze.’

I heard, and in that self-same hour  
All loftier aims had lost their sway ;  
‘Give me,’ I said, ‘indulgent power,  
Give me a perfect day.

‘A twilight nursed in depths of dew,  
Far, far beyond some eastern pass,  
Whence crimson fires come bursting through  
To light the beaded grass.

‘ A morning bright with rolling mists  
That trail above the trackless down,  
With lakes between like amethysts  
Set in an emperor’s crown.

‘ A noon all silence, save a breeze  
That bends the rush, and dims the mere ;  
All light, save one lone cloud that sees  
Its form in trout-pools clear.

‘ An eve whose breadth of glory makes  
An Autumn mid the woods of June,  
And, like a skiff, through golden lakes  
Leads down the curvèd moon.

‘ One more, to make the day divine,  
One bounty more, kind power, bestow ;—  
A friend whose spirit speaks to mine  
When words have ceased to flow.’

*PRO AND CON.*

O WERE it but to leave behind  
This lightless prison-house of care,  
This awful burden of the mind  
Which none will ever stoop to share;

O were it but to meet with those  
Whose better knowledge always sees  
What passion for a long repose  
Springs up from sorrows such as these;—

How soon, how soon the deed were done  
Which cuts the strongest life in twain!  
How sweet to watch the falling sun,  
And say, 'Thou shalt not rise again!'

But in a vision I have seen  
A soul that madly forced its way  
From earth to heaven, yet failed to win  
The rest which seemed shut out by clay.

All empty spread the vaults on high,  
All mute the once resounding floor,  
And all the griefs it sought to fly  
Flocked in behind it through the door.

*SONG.*

O SWEET warm rain ! O draught of life !  
O hastener of a thousand joys !  
Come when the skies are all at strife,  
And all the landscape filled with noise ;  
Come when the day prolongs its hours,  
Come from the South when North-winds flee,  
Come to a million pining flowers,  
And set them free.

O sad warm rain ! O tears of death  
That sound throughout the reddening grove !  
O drops more dismal than the breath  
Which tells the soul it may not love !

Come when the young moon shows a cleft  
Across some wild October sky,  
Come to what flowers the year hath left,  
And bid them die.

*SHADOWS IN THE DOOR.*

DOST thou well remember, darling,  
In the days so long gone by,  
One sweet twilight in September  
When the evening winds were high ;—

When we whispered in the doorway  
While the fire was bright within,  
Whispered things which yet we know not,  
Ceasing only to begin ;—

How we whispered in the doorway  
While without the darkness grew,  
Till we gathered speech from silence,  
Wondering only 'Is it true?'

How we joined our lips together  
Thinking we were all unseen,  
Dreaming not my father watched us  
All across the noiseless green ?

Oft about that twilight, darling,  
I have lingered in my thought,  
Till a quaint and solemn meaning  
From its shadows hath been wrought.

How the world that lies in darkness,  
How the souls that houseless roam,  
Watch far off the life of woman  
Seen against the light of home ;

How not e'en the smallest action,  
Be it worthy blame or praise,  
Lacks the burden of a message  
To the hearts of those who gaze.

Some have fallen ;—she can help them,  
Lift them where they stood before ;—  
Some have stumbled ;—hath she pardon  
If through her they stumble more ?

*ALONE.*

---

‘Que ferait une âme isolée dans le ciel même ?’

---

SHARP is the pang that rends her heart  
Who watches where her child is laid  
Sharper when wedded lovers part  
And orange yields to cypress shade.

Yet even to these the sense of grief  
Will lighten with each gliding age,  
And present sorrow find relief  
In reckoning up its heritage.

O sharpest grief which few can know,  
Surpassing all the sting of death,  
By time untamed, thou still dost grow  
As life seeks out the downward path.

He feels thy presence in whose breast  
All night the festive lamps have burned,  
Who calls for some to share the feast,  
And finds his invitation spurned.

Who sees the morning, blank and grey,  
Startle each pane with shivering light,  
To mock him with a sunless day  
Who turneth from a songless night.

He feels a summons in the air ;  
‘ The night,’ he saith, ‘ is wholly gone ;  
The world awakes, but I must fare  
For evermore, alone, alone !’

*WHEREWITH?*

How shall I come before thee, love,  
When ne'er an earthly gift  
Hath power thy sovereign will to move,  
The sacred veil to lift  
Which screens thy beauty from the sight  
Of those who could not bear its light?

How shall I come before thee, love,  
When each impassioned song  
That sways the crowd, could only prove  
Thy fortified heart too strong?  
And backward from its walls be tost  
Likes waves that vex a marble coast?

How shall I come before thee, love,  
When each bright thought of mine  
Is but a lake that looks above  
To catch some rays of thine ;—  
A glass within whose field is shown  
A lesser light, but still thine own ?

O heart ! lay by thy proud attire,  
Lay by thy boasted crown ;  
Nor think a favouring smile to hire  
With what thou castest down ;  
Before her throne lay down thyself—  
This doth she claim, and not thy pelf.

Thyself, with no disguiser's skill,  
Unfaithfully to shroud  
Whatever tear-washed stains of ill  
Thy history becloud ;  
Or make an all-corrupt desire  
Show like true love's ethereal fire.

For then those all-divining eyes  
    Shall pierce a veil so thin,  
And darts of sudden scorn surprise  
    The lie that lurks within ;  
And thou to self-contempt shalt fall—  
Contempt that woundeth worst of all.

*SINCERITY.*

‘HASTE not to answer, haste is blind,’  
He said, ‘but as thou weighest my prayer,  
Keep this request before thy mind,  
This only, “Be sincere.”’

‘My heart its one desire hath shown,  
My aims, my hopes are known to thee ;  
If thou canst blend them with thine own,  
Be sure thou lovest me.’

Sincere?—I scarce could understand  
A tithe of what his soul would do;  
And yet it must be something grand,  
For he believes it true.

O

Sincere ?—I know not if there be  
One test for woman, one for man ;  
And yet methinks that each should see  
The truth as best he can.

If love be God's unbounded law,  
The spring which unto all divides,  
May not two souls its pureness draw,  
And yet from different sides ?

Ah ! little know they what they ask  
Who thus a woman's heart would try ;  
To weigh, to reason,—such thy task,—  
But mine to love or die.

Before thy thoughts had found a voice,  
My heart, instructed to divine,  
Had wandered forth to meet thy choice,  
Had felt that it was thine.

And shall I all that truth gainsay,  
For all that trust return a lie?  
Were this to love?—Away, away!  
Thou false sincerity!

*LET IT ALONE.*

POSSESSED of mile-wide gardens boasting all  
Which art hath power to show,  
Why snatch away this wild thing from the wall?  
Leave it to grow.

It hath a joy we know not ;—fresh, cool nights,  
First-fruits of evening rains,  
And winds that wheel their circle of delights  
From sea-girt plains.

It hath no pain of knowledge ; here it clings  
Because the blast was rude,  
And o'er the rock a trembling veil it flings  
For gratitude.

Leave it to grow ; be thine the rose-roofed bowers,  
The golden orb that nods  
Complacence on its retinue of flowers ;—  
But this is God's.

*THE MORNING WATCH.*

THE star which midnight held above  
Now to the west itself betakes ;  
How fares it with my heart's own love,—  
Sleeps she or wakes ?

If she doth sleep, then o'er her breast  
The very soul of peace doth brood,  
To keep the music of her rest  
Soft, calm, subdued.

And o'er her sense a veil is spread,  
In sweet fantastic figures wrought,  
Whence now and then her mind is fed  
With dreamy thought.

Or if she wakes, her days revolve  
    Around their central orb of love,  
In breathing pictures that dissolve  
    E'en as they move ;—

That into sudden gloom depart,  
    Yet leave each one a word to tell  
The watching sentries of her heart  
    That all is well.

*NIGHT.*

BREATHE on me, Sleep, with thy dream-scented  
breath,

Strange as a breeze that comes, and dwells, and dies  
Around those flowers all drooping to their death

When Autumn looks from saffron-tinted skies ;  
Breathe on me, Sleep ; waft to me from thy halls  
Glimpses and gleams of worlds whose Summers  
last

Beyond all bounds, all frost which here enthralls

The year's old age with chains too rude and fast ;  
Waft this to me, and waft thou far away

Each thought of care, which, like a cloud at noon,  
Rose up to haunt me through declining day,

Seeming to threat a night of tempest soon ;  
And when, kind Sleep, thy realms established are,  
Crown her their queen who is my soul's true star.

*MORNING.*

SHINE forth, sweet Light, from under dark grey eaves  
Of cloud, whose peaks are presently o'erspread  
With that faint glory, which, what time she leaves  
Her watery couch, doth bind Aurora's head ;  
Shine forth, and through the window where she lies—  
The very mistress of my pleading heart—  
Pour, with thyself, a thousand melodies,  
Caught by the wind from regions where thou art ;  
Touch thou her closèd eyelids with thy hand,  
Tempt them to open,—then anon retire  
While by her head the sounds of morning stand  
Urging my cause with mingling voice and lyre ;  
And watch thou, Light, if to my name she moves,  
For if she doth, then may I swear she loves.

*INVOCATION.*

O BOSOM, fragrant resting-place of love,  
O feet too white for this rough wilderness,  
O cheeks that burn, O lips that only move  
To make mine own their thirsty state confess ;  
O eyes too bright for aught but wandering stars  
That from their orbs have dropped, awhile to taste  
Earth's joy, and found a beauty which debars  
Their slow return, once promised all in haste ;—  
O as you do most constantly attend  
On her whose soul your mistress is, and mine,  
Be faithful yet, and your best service lend  
To deck each entrance to that spotless shrine ;  
That when I come to learn her sweet behests  
Your hands may lead me straight to where she rests.

## ‘ΓΝΩΘΙ ΣΕΑΥΤΟΝ.’

To know thyself,—how hard the task—  
How sad to bend o’er Memory’s scroll,  
And from its records turn to ask,  
‘What moved thee to this crime, O soul?’

Yet know thyself, and own the good  
As much as thou dost hate the ill,  
For only thus is understood  
Which faults were weakness, which were will.

Then shalt thou look with clearer eyes  
Upon the mystery of sin,  
And think, when doubts again arise,  
‘I erred without, but not within.’

*PARALLELS.*

A LONELY sail, a speck that glides  
Across the early greys of morn ;—  
Yet many eyes are watching there,  
And many hearts forlorn.

A lonely star, a spark just seen  
Across the breadth of many a year ;—  
Yet worlds revolve within its light,  
And moons are changing there.

A lonely tear that moves, scarce felt,  
Across a cheek perplexed by sin ;—  
Ah me ! what depth of hope is there  
Could we but look within !

---

THY world, O God, is full of light—  
We turn our backs, and it is gone;  
As to each planet comes the night  
What time it turneth from the sun.

Thy ways to us are all unknown,  
And dark, because we will not see;  
We walk in shadows of our own,  
And vainly think they fall from Thee.

LONDON: PRINTED BY  
SPOTTISWOODE AND CO., NEW-STREET SQUARE  
AND PARLIAMENT STREET







[JANUARY 1870.]

# GENERAL LIST OF WORKS

PUBLISHED BY

MESSRS. LONGMANS, GREEN, AND CO.

PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON.

## *History and Politics.*

**LORD MACAULAY'S WORKS.** Complete and Uniform Library Edition. Edited by his Sister, Lady TREVELYAN. 8 vols. 8vo. with Portrait, price £3 5s. cloth, or £3 8s. bound in tree-calf by Rivière.

**The HISTORY of ENGLAND** from the Fall of Wolsey to the Defeat of the Spanish Armada. By JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE, M.A. late Fellow of Exeter College, Oxford. 13 VOLS. 8vo. price £3 18s. cloth.

**The HISTORY of ENGLAND** from the Accession of James II. By Lord MACAULAY.

LIBRARY EDITION, 5 vols. 8vo. 24.

CABINET EDITION, 8 vols. post 8vo. 48s.

PEOPLE'S EDITION, 4 vols. crown 8vo. 16s.

**An ESSAY on the HISTORY of the ENGLISH GOVERNMENT** and Constitution, from the Reign of Henry VII. to the Present Time. By JOHN EARL RUSSELL. Fourth Edition, revised. Crown 8vo. 6s.

**SPEECHES of EARL RUSSELL, 1817-1841.** Also Despatches selected from Correspondence presented to Parliament 1859-1865. With Introductions to the Speeches and Despatches, by Earl Russell. 2 vols. 8vo. [Nearly ready.]

**VARIETIES of VICE-REGAL LIFE.** By Major-General Sir WILLIAM DENISON, K.C.B. 2 vols. 8vo. [Nearly ready.]

**On PARLIAMENTARY GOVERNMENT in ENGLAND:** Its Origin, Development, and Practical Operation. By ALPHEUS TODD, Librarian of the Legislative Assembly of Canada. 2 vols. 8vo. price £1 17s.

**HISTORY of the REFORM BILLS of 1866 and 1867.** By HOMERSHAM COX, M.A. Barrister-at Law. 8vo. 7s. 6d.

**Ancient Parliamentary Elections,** a History shewing how Parliaments were Constituted, and Representatives of the People Elected, in Ancient Times. By the same Author. 8vo. 8s. 6d.

**Whig and Tory Administrations during the Last Thirteen Years,** By the same Author. 8vo. 5s.

A

**THE HISTORY of ENGLAND** during the Reign of George the Third. By the Right Hon. W. N. MASSEY. Cabinet Edition. 4 vols. post 8vo. 24s.

**THE CONSTITUTIONAL HISTORY of ENGLAND**, since the Accession of George III. 1760—1830. By Sir THOMAS ERSKINE MAY, C.B. Second Edition. 2 vols. 8vo. 35s.

**HISTORICAL STUDIES.** By HERMAN MERIVALE, M.A. 8vo. price 12s. 6d.

**REVOLUTIONS in ENGLISH HISTORY.** By ROBERT VAUGHAN, D.D. 3 vols. 8vo. 30s.

**THE OXFORD REFORMERS of 1498**—John Colet, Erasmus, and Thomas More; being a History of their Fellow-work. By FREDERIC SEEBOHM. Second Edition, enlarged. 8vo. 14s.

**A HISTORY of WALES**, derived from Authentic Sources. By JANE WILLIAMS, Yscafell, Author of a Memoir of the Rev. Thomas Price, and Editor of his Literary Remains. 8vo. 14s.

**LECTURES on the HISTORY of ENGLAND**, from the earliest Times to the Death of King Edward II. By WILLIAM LONGMAN. With Maps and Illustrations. 8vo. 15s.

**THE HISTORY of the LIFE and TIMES of EDWARD the THIRD.** By WILLIAM LONGMAN. With 9 Maps, 8 Plates, and 16 Woodcuts. 2 vols. 8vo. 28s.

**HISTORY of CIVILISATION** in England and France, Spain and Scotland. By HENRY THOMAS BUCKLE. New Edition of the entire Work, with a complete INDEX. 3 vols. crown 8vo. 24s.

**WATERLOO LECTURES:** a Study of the Campaign of 1815. By Colonel CHARLES C. CHESNEY, R.E. late Professor of Military Art and History in the Staff College. New Edition. 8vo. with Map, 10s. 6d.

**DEMOCRACY in AMERICA.** By ALEXIS DE TOCQUEVILLE. Translated by HENRY REEVE. 3 vols. 8vo. 21s.

**HISTORY of the REFORMATION in EUROPE** in the Time of Calvin. By J. H. MERLE D'AUBIGNÉ, D.D. Vols. I. and II. 8vo. 28s. VOL. III. 12s. VOL. IV. 16s. VOL. V. price 16s.

**ENGLAND and FRANCE in the 15th CENTURY.** The Contemporary French Tract intitled *The Debate between the Heralds of France and England*, presumed to have been written by CHARLES, DUKE of ORLEANS; translated for the first time into English, with an Introduction, Notes, and an Inquiry into the Authorship, by HENRY PYNE. 8vo. price 7s. 6d.

**HISTORY of FRANCE**, from Clovis and Charlemagne to the Accession of Napoléon III. By EYRE EVANS CROWE. 5 vols. 8vo. £4 13s.

**CHAPTERS from FRENCH HISTORY;** St. Louis, Joan of Arc, Henri IV. with Sketches of the Intermediate Periods. By J. H. GURNEY, M.A. late Rector of St. Mary's, Marylebone. New Edition. Fcp. 8vo. 6s. 6d.

**THE HISTORY of GREECE.** By C. THIRLWALL, D.D. Lord Bishop of St. David's. 8 vols. fcp. 8vo. price 38s.

**THE TALE of the GREAT PERSIAN WAR**, from the Histories of Herodotus. By GEORGE W. COX, M.A. New Edition. Fcp. 2s. 6d.

- GREEK HISTORY** from Themistocles to Alexander, in a Series of Lives from Plutarch. Revised and arranged by A. H. CLOUGH. Fcp. with 40 Woodcuts, 6s.
- CRITICAL HISTORY** of the LANGUAGE and LITERATURE of Ancient Greece. By WILLIAM MURR, of Caldwell. 5 vols. 8vo. £3 9s.
- HISTORY** of the LITERATURE of ANCIENT GREECE. By Professor K. O. MÜLLER. Translated by the Right Hon. Sir GEORGE CORNEWALL LEWIS, Bart. and by J. W. DONALDSON, D.D. 3 vols. 8vo. 21s.
- HISTORY** of the CITY of ROME from its Foundation to the Sixteenth Century of the Christian Era. By THOMAS H. DYER, LL.D. 8vo. with 2 Maps, 16s.
- ROMAN HISTORY.** By WILHELM IHNE. Translated and revised by the Author. VOLS. I. and II. 8vo. The First and Second Volumes of this work will be published together early in 1870; and the whole work will be completed in Three or at most Four Volumes.
- HISTORY** of the ROMANS under the EMPIRE. By the Very Rev. C. MERIVALE, D.C.L. Dean of Ely. 8 vols. post 8vo. 42s.
- The FALL** of the ROMAN REPUBLIC; a Short History of the Last Century of the Commonwealth. By the same Author. 12mo. 7s. 6d.
- The HISTORY** of INDIA, from the Earliest Period to the close of Lord Dalhousie's Administration. By JOHN CLARK MARSHMAN. 3 vols. crown 8vo. 22s. 6d.
- INDIAN POLITY:** a View of the System of Administration in India. By Major GEORGE CHENEY, Fellow of the University of Calcutta. 8vo. with Map, 21s.
- HOME POLITICS;** being a consideration of the Causes of the Growth of Trade in relation to Labour, Pauperism, and Emigration. By DANIEL GRANT. 8vo. [Nearly ready.]
- REALITIES** of IRISH LIFE. By W. STEUART TRENCH, Land Agent in Ireland to the Marquess of Lansdowne, the Marquess of Bath, and Lord Digby. With Illustrations from Drawings by the Author's Son, J. TOWNSEND TRENCH. Fourth Edition, with 30 Plates. 8vo. 21s.
- AN ILLUSTRATED HISTORY** of IRELAND, from the Earliest Period to the Year of Catholic Emancipation. By MARY F. CUSACK. Second Edition, revised and enlarged. 8vo. 18s. 6d.
- CRITICAL and HISTORICAL ESSAYS** contributed to the *Edinburgh Review*. By the Right Hon. LORD MACAULAY.  
 CABINET EDITION, 4 vols. post 8vo. 24s.  
 LIBRARY EDITION, 3 vols. 8vo. 36s.  
 PEOPLE'S EDITION, 3 vols. crown 8vo. 8s.  
 STUDENT'S EDITION, in One Volume, crown 8vo. 6s.
- GOD in HISTORY;** or, the Progress of Man's Faith in the Moral Order of the World. By the late Baron BUNSEN. Translated from the German by SUSANNA WINKWORTH; with a Preface by Dean STANLEY. In Three Volumes. VOLS. I. and II. 8vo. 30s. VOL. III. nearly ready.

- HISTORY of EUROPEAN MORALS**, from Augustus to Charlemagne. By W. E. H. LECKY, M.A. Second Edition. 2 vols. 8vo. price 38s.
- HISTORY of the RISE and INFLUENCE of the SPIRIT of RATIONALISM in EUROPE**. By W. E. H. LECKY, M.A. Cabinet Edition, being the Fourth. 2 vols. crown 8vo. price 16s.
- The HISTORY of PHILOSOPHY**, from Thales to Comte. By GEORGE HENRY LEWES. Third Edition. 2 vols. 8vo. 30s.
- THE MYTHOLOGY of the ARYAN NATIONS**. By GEORGE W. COX, M.A. late Scholar of Trinity College, Oxford, Joint-Editor, with the late Professor Brande, of the Fourth Edition of 'The Dictionary of Science, Literature, and Art,' Author of 'Tales of Ancient Greece,' &c.  
[In the press.]
- EGYPT'S PLACE in UNIVERSAL HISTORY**; an Historical Investigation. By Baron BUNSEN, D.C.L. Translated by C. H. COTTRELL, M.A. With Additions by S. BIRCH, LL.D. 5 vols. 8vo. price £8 14s. 6d.
- MAUNDER'S HISTORICAL TREASURY**; comprising a General Introductory Outline of Universal History, and a series of Separate Histories. Latest Edition, revised and brought down to the Present Time by the Rev. GEORGE WILLIAM COX, M.A. late Scholar of Trinity College, Oxford, Editor of Brande's Dictionary. Fcp. 10s. 6d.
- HISTORY of the NORMAN KINGS of ENGLAND**, from a New Collation of the Contemporary Chronicles. By THOMAS CORBE, Barrister, of the Inner Temple. 8vo. price 16s.
- HISTORY of the CHRISTIAN CHURCH**, from the Ascension of Christ to the Conversion of Constantine. By E. BURTON, D.D. late Prof. of Divinity in the Univ. of Oxford. Eighth Edition. Fcp. 3s. 6d.
- SKETCH of the HISTORY of the CHURCH of ENGLAND to the Revolution of 1688**. By the Right Rev. T. V. SHORT, D.D. Lord Bishop of St. Asaph. Seventh Edition. Crown 8vo. 10s. 6d.
- HISTORY of the EARLY CHURCH**, from the First Preaching of the Gospel to the Council of Nicea. A.D. 325. By ELIZABETH M. SEWELL, Author of 'Amy Herbert.' New Edition, with Questions. Fcp. 4s. 6d.
- THE ENGLISH REFORMATION**. By F. C. MASSINGBERD, M.A. Chancellor of Lincoln and Rector of South Ormsby. Fourth Edition, revised. Fcp. 8vo. 7s. 6d.

### *Biography and Memoirs.*

- The LIFE and LETTERS of FARADAY**. By Dr. BENGE JONES, Secretary of the Royal Institution. 2 vols. 8vo. with Portrait, and Eight Engravings on Wood, price 24s.
- THE LIFE of OLIVER CROMWELL**, to the Death of Charles I. By J. R. ANDREWS, Barrister-at-Law. 8vo. 14s.
- A LIFE of the TH RD EARL of SHAFTESBURY**, compiled from Unpublished Documents; with a Review of the Philosophy of the Period. By the Rev. W. M. HATCH, M.A. Fellow of New College, Oxford.  
[In preparation.]

**DICTIONARY of GENERAL BIOGRAPHY**; containing Concise Memoirs and Notices of the most Eminent Persons of all Countries, from the Earliest Ages to the Present Time. Edited by W. L. R. CATER. 8vo. 21s.

**LIVES of the TUDOR PRINCESSES**, including Lady Jane Grey and her Sisters. By AGNES STRICKLAND, Author of 'Lives of the Queens of England.' Post 8vo. with Portrait, 3s. 12s. 6d.

**LIVES of the QUEENS of ENGLAND.** By AGNES STRICKLAND, Library Edition, newly revised; with Portraits of every Queen, Autographs, and Vignettes. 8 vols. post 8vo. 7s. 6d. each.

**MEMOIRS of BARON BUNSEN.** Drawn chiefly from Family Papers by his Widow, FRANCES BARONESS BUNSEN. Second Edition, abridged; with 2 Portraits and 4 Woodcuts. 2 vols. post 8vo. 21s.

**The LETTERS of the late Right Hon. Sir GEORGE CORNEWALL LEWIS.** Edited by his Brother, the Rev. Sir G. F. LEWIS, Bart. 8vo. [Just ready.]

**LIFE of the DUKE of WELLINGTON.** By the Rev. G. R. GLEIG, M.A. Popular Edition, carefully revised; with copious Additions. Crown 8vo. with Portrait, 5s.

**HISTORY of MY RELIGIOUS OPINIONS.** By J. H. NEWMAN, D.D. Being the Substance of Apologia pro Vita Sua. Post 8vo. 6s.

**FATHER MATHEW: a Biography.** By JOHN FRANCIS MAGUIRE, M.P. for Cork. Popular Edition, with Portrait. Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d.

**FELIX MENDELSSOHN'S LETTERS** from *Italy and Switzerland*, and *Letters from 1833 to 1847*, translated by Lady WALLACE. New Edition, with Portrait. 2 vols. crown 8vo. 5s. each.

**MEMOIRS of SIR HENRY HAVELOCK, K.C.B.** By JOHN CLARK MARSHMAN. Cabinet Edition, with Portrait. Crown 8vo. price 5s.

**CAPTAIN COOK'S LIFE, VOYAGES, and DISCOVERIES.** 18mo. Woodcuts, 2s. 6d.

**VICISSITUDES of FAMILIES.** By Sir J. BERNARD BURKE, C.B. Ulster King of Arms. New Edition, remodelled and enlarged. 2 vols. crown 8vo. 21s.

**THE EARLS of GRANARD: a Memoir of the Noble Family of Forbes.** Written by Admiral the Hon. JOHN FORBES, and edited by GEORGE ARTHUR HASTINGS, present Earl of Granard, K.P. 8vo. 10s.

**ESSAYS in ECCLESIASTICAL BIOGRAPHY.** By the Right Hon. Sir J. STEPHEN, LL.D. Cabinet Edition, being the Fifth. Crown 8vo. 7s. 6d.

**MAUNDER'S BIOGRAPHICAL TREASURY.** Thirteenth Edition, reconstructed, thoroughly revised, and in great part rewritten; with about 1,000 additional Memoirs and Notices, by W. L. R. CATER. Fcp. 10s. 6d.

**LETTERS and LIFE of FRANCIS BACON**, including all his Occasional Works. Collected and edited, with a Commentary, by J. SPEDDING, Trin. Coll. Cantab. Vols. I. and II. 8vo. 24s. Vols. III. and IV. price 24s.

## *Criticism, Philosophy, Polity, &c.*

**THE INSTITUTES of JUSTINIAN;** with English Introduction, Translation, and Notes. By T. C. SANDARS, M.A. Barrister, late Fellow of Oriel Coll. Oxon. New Edition. 8vo. 15s.

**SOCRATES and the SOCRATIC SCHOOLS.** Translated from the German of Dr. E. ZELLER, with the Author's approval, by the Rev. OSWALD J. REICHEL, B.C.L. and M.A. Crown 8vo. 8s. 6d.

**THE STOICS, EPICUREANS, and SCEPTICS.** Translated from the German of Dr. E. ZELLER, with the Author's approval, by OSWALD J. REICHEL, B.C.L. and M.A. Crown 8vo. [Nearly ready.]

**THE ETHICS of ARISTOTLE,** illustrated with Essays and Notes. By Sir A. GRANT, Bart. M.A. LL.D. Second Edition, revised and completed. 2 vols. 8vo. price 28s.

**THE NICOMACHEAN ETHICS of ARISTOTLE** newly translated into English. By R. WILLIAMS, B.A. Fellow and late Lecturer of Merton College, and sometime Student of Christ Church, Oxford. 8vo. 12s.

**ELEMENTS of LOGIC.** By R. WHATELY, D.D. late Archbishop of Dublin. New Edition. 8vo. 10s. 6d. crown 8vo. 4s. 6d.

**Elements of Rhetoric.** By the same Author. New Edition. 8vo. 16s. 6d. crown 8vo. 4s. 6d.

**English Synonymes.** By E. JANE WHATELY. Edited by Archbishop WHATELY. 5th Edition. Fcp. 8s.

**BACON'S ESSAYS with ANNOTATIONS.** By R. WHATELY, D.D. late Archbishop of Dublin. Sixth Edition. 8vo. 10s. 6d.

**LORD BACON'S WORKS,** collected and edited by R. L. ELLIS, M.A. J. SPEDDING, M.A. and D. D. HEATH. Vols. I. to V. *Philosophical Works*, 5 vols. 8vo. 24 6s. VOLS. VI. and VII. *Literary and Professional Works* 2 vols. 21 16s.

**ENGLAND and IRELAND.** By JOHN STUART MILL. Fifth Edition, 8vo. 1s.

**THE SUBJECTION of WOMEN.** By JOHN STUART MILL. New Edition, post 8vo. 5s.

**ON REPRESENTATIVE GOVERNMENT.** By JOHN STUART MILL. Third Edition. 8vo. 9s. Crown 8vo. 2s.

**ON LIBERTY.** By JOHN STUART MILL. Fourth Edition. Post 8vo. 7s. 6d. Crown 8vo. 1s. 4d.

**Principles of Political Economy.** By the same Author. Sixth Edition. 2 vols. 8vo. 30s. Or in 1 vol. crown 8vo. 5s.

**A System of Logic, Ratiocinative and Inductive.** By the same Author. Seventh Edition. Two vols. 8vo. 25s.

**ANALYSIS of Mr. MILL'S SYSTEM of LOGIC.** By W. STEBBING, M.A. Fellow of Worcester College, Oxford. New Edition. 12mo. 3s. 6d.

**UTILITARIANISM.** By JOHN STUART MILL. Third Edition. 8vo. 5s.

- DISSERTATIONS and DISCUSSIONS, POLITICAL, PHILOSOPHICAL, and HISTORICAL.** By JOHN STUART MILL. Second Edition, revised. 3 vols. 8vo. 36s.
- EXAMINATION of Sir W. HAMILTON'S PHILOSOPHY, and of the Principal Philosophical Questions discussed in his Writings.** By JOHN STUART MILL. Third Edition. 8vo. 16s.
- An OUTLINE of the NECESSARY LAWS of THOUGHT: a Treatise on Pure and Applied Logic.** By the Most Rev. WILLIAM, Lord Archbishop of York, D.D. F.R.S. Ninth Thousand. Crown 8vo. 5s. 6d.
- The ELEMENTS of POLITICAL ECONOMY.** By HENRY DUNNING MACLEOD, M.A. Barrister-at-Law. 8vo. 16s.
- A Dictionary of Political Economy; Biographical, Bibliographical, Historical, and Practical.** By the same Author. VOL. I. royal 8vo. 30s.
- The ELECTION of REPRESENTATIVES, Parliamentary and Municipal; a Treatise.** By THOMAS HARR, Barrister-at-Law. Third Edition, with Additions. Crown 8vo. 6s.
- SPEECHES of the RIGHT HON. LORD MACAULAY, corrected by Himself.** Library Edition, 8vo. 12s. People's Edition, crown 8vo. 3s. 6d.
- Lord Macaulay's Speeches on Parliamentary Reform in 1831 and 1832.** 16mo. 1s.
- INAUGURAL ADDRESS delivered to the University of St. Andrews.** By JOHN STUART MILL. 8vo. 5s. People's Edition, crown 8vo. 1s.
- A DICTIONARY of the ENGLISH LANGUAGE.** By R. G. LATHAM, M.A. M.D. F.R.S. Founded on the Dictionary of Dr. SAMUEL JOHNSON, as edited by the Rev. H. J. TODD, with numerous Emendations and Additions. In Four Volumes, 4to. price £7.
- THESAURUS of ENGLISH WORDS and PHRASES, classified and arranged so as to facilitate the Expression of Ideas, and assist in Literary Composition.** By P. M. ROGER, M.D. New Edition. Crown 8vo. 10s. 6d.
- LECTURES on the SCIENCE of LANGUAGE, delivered at the Royal Institution.** By MAX MÜLLER, M.A. Fellow of All Souls College, Oxford. 2 vols. 8vo. FIRST SERIES, Fifth Edition, 12s. SECOND SERIES, Second Edition, 18s.
- CHAPTERS on LANGUAGE.** By FREDERIC W. FARRAR, F.R.S. late Fellow of Trin. Coll. Cambridge. Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d.
- WORD-GOSSIP; a Series of Familiar Essays on Words and their Peculiarities.** By the Rev. W. L. BLACKLEY, M.A. Fcp. 8vo. 5s.
- A BOOK ABOUT WORDS.** By G. F. GRAHAM, Author of 'English, or the Art of Composition,' &c. Fcp. 8vo. price 2s. 6d.
- The DEBATER; a Series of Complete Debates, Outlines of Debates, and Questions for Discussion.** By F. ROWTON. Fcp. 6s.
- MANUAL of ENGLISH LITERATURE, Historical and Critical.** By THOMAS ARNOLD, M.A. Second Edition. Crown 8vo. price 7s. 6d.
- SOUTHEY'S DOCTOR, complete in One Volume.** Edited by the Rev. J. W. WALTER, B.D. Square crown 8vo. 12s. 6d.
- HISTORICAL and CRITICAL COMMENTARY on the OLD TESTAMENT; with a New Translation.** By M. M. KALISCH, Ph.D. VOL. I. *Genesis*, 8vo. 18s. or adapted for the General Reader, 12s. VOL. II. *Exodus*, 18s. or adapted for the General Reader, 12s. VOL. III. *Leviticus*, PART I. 18s. or adapted for the General Reader, 8s.

- A HEBREW GRAMMAR, with EXERCISES.** By M. M. KALISCW, Ph.D. PART I. *Outlines with Exercises*, 8vo. 12s. 6d. KEY, 5s. PART II. *Exceptional Forms and Constructions*, 12s. 6d.
- A LATIN-ENGLISH DICTIONARY.** By J. T. WHITE, D.D. of Corpus Christi College, and J. B. RIDDLE, M.A. of St. Edmund Hall, Oxford. Third Edition, revise 1. 2 vols. 4to. pp. 2,128, price 42s. cloth.
- White's College Latin-English Dictionary (Intermediate Size)**, abridged for the use of University Students from the Parent Work (as above). Medium 8vo. pp. 1,018, price 18s. cloth.
- White's Junior Student's Complete Latin-English and English-Latin Dictionary.** New Edition. Square 12mo. pp. 1,054, price 12s.
- Separately { The ENGLISH-LATIN DICTIONARY, price 5s. 6d.  
The LATIN-ENGLISH DICTIONARY, price 7s. 6d.
- An ENGLISH-GREEK LEXICON**, containing all the Greek Words used by Writers of good authority. By C. D. YONGE, B.A. New Edition. 4to. 21s.
- Mr. YONGE'S NEW LEXICON**, English and Greek, abridged from his larger work (as above). Revised Edition. Square 12mo. 8s. 6d.
- A GREEK-ENGLISH LEXICON.** Compiled by H. G. LIDDELL, D.D. Dean of Christ Church, and R. SCOTT, D.D. Master of Balliol. Fifth Edition. Crown 4to. 31s. 6d.
- A Lexicon, Greek and English**, abridged from LIDDELL and SCOTT'S *Greek-English Lexicon*. Twelfth Edition. Square 12mo. 7s. 6d.
- A SANSKRIT-ENGLISH DICTIONARY**, the Sanskrit words printed both in the original Devanagari and in Roman Letters. Compiled by T. BENFET, Prof. in the Univ. of Göttingen. 8vo. 52s. 6d.
- WALKER'S PRONOUNCING DICTIONARY of the ENGLISH LANGUAGE.** Thoroughly revised Editions, by B. H. SMART. 8vo. 12s. 16mo. 6s.
- A PRACTICAL DICTIONARY of the FRENCH and ENGLISH LANGUAGES.** By L. CONTANSEAU. Fourteenth Edition. Post 8vo. 10s. 6d.
- Contanseau's Pocket Dictionary**, French and English, abridged from the above by the Author. New Edition, revised. Square 18mo. 3s. 6d.
- NEW PRACTICAL DICTIONARY of the GERMAN LANGUAGE;** German-English and English-German. By the Rev. W. L. BLACKLEY, M.A. and Dr. CARL MARTIN FRIEDLÄNDER. Post 8vo. 7s. 6d.
- The MASTERY of LANGUAGES;** or, the Art of Speaking Foreign Tongues Idiomatically. By THOMAS PRENDERGAST, late of the Civil Service at Madras. Second Edition, 8vo. 6s.

### *Miscellaneous Works and Popular Metaphysics.*

- The ESSAYS and CONTRIBUTIONS of A. K. H. B.,** Author of 'The Recreations of a Country Parson.' Uniform Editions:—
- Recreations of a Country Parson.** By A. K. H. B. FIRST and SECOND SERIES, crown 8vo. 3s. 6d. each.

- The Common-place Philosopher in Town and Country.** By A. K. H. B. Crown 8vo. price 3s. 6d.
- Leisure Hours in Town; Essays Consolatory, Æsthetical, Moral, Social, and Domestic.** By A. K. H. B. Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d.
- The Autumn Holidays of a Country Parson; Essays contributed to *Fraser's Magazine* and to *Good Words*.** By A. K. H. B. Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d.
- The Graver Thoughts of a Country Parson.** By A. K. H. B. FIRST and SECOND SERIES, crown 8vo. 3s. 6d each.
- Critical Essays of a Country Parson, selected from Essays contributed to *Fraser's Magazine*.** By A. K. H. B. Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d.
- Sunday Afternoons at the Parish Church of a Scottish University City.** By A. K. H. B. Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d.
- Lessons of Middle Age; with some Account of various Cities and Men.** By A. K. H. B. Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d.
- Counsel and Comfort spoken from a City Pulpit.** By A. K. H. B. Crown 8vo. price 3s. 6d.
- Changed Aspects of Unchanged Truths; Memorials of St. Andrews Sundays.** By A. K. H. B. Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d.
- SHORT STUDIES on GREAT SUBJECTS.** By JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE, M.A. late Fellow of Exeter Coll. Oxford. Third Edition. 8vo. 12s.
- LORD MACAULAY'S MISCELLANEOUS WRITINGS:—**  
 LIBRARY EDITION. 2 vols. 8vo. Portrait, 21s.  
 PEOPLE'S EDITION. 1 vol. crown 8vo. 4s. 6d.
- THE REV. SYDNEY SMITH'S MISCELLANEOUS WORKS; including his Contributions to the *Edinburgh Review*.** Crown 8vo. 6s.
- The Wit and Wisdom of the Rev. Sydney Smith: a Selection of the most memorable Passages in his Writings and Conversation.** 16mo. 3s. 6d.
- TRACES of HISTORY in the NAMES of PLACES; with a Vocabulary of the Roots out of which Names of Places in England and Wales are formed.** By FLAVELL EDMUNDS. Crown 8vo. 7s. 6d.
- ESSAYS selected from CONTRIBUTIONS to the *Edinburgh Review*.** By HENRY ROGERS. Second Edition. 3 vols. fcp. 21s.
- Reason and Faith, their Claims and Conflicts.** By the same Author. New Edition, accompanied by several other Essays. Crown 8vo. 6s. 6d.
- The Eclipse of Faith; or, a Visit to a Religious Sceptic.** By the same Author. Twelfth Edition. Fcp. 5s.
- Defence of the Eclipse of Faith, by its Author; a rejoinder to Dr. Newman's *Reply*.** Third Edition. Fcp. 3s. 6d.
- Selections from the Correspondence of R. E. H. Greyson.** By the same Author. Third Edition. Crown 8vo. 7s. 6d.
- FAMILIES of SPEECH, Four Lectures delivered at the Royal Institution of Great Britain; with Tables and a Map.** By the Rev. F. W. FARRAR, M.A. F.R.S. late Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge.

[Nearly ready.

**CHIPS from a GERMAN WORKSHOP**; being Essays on the Sciences of Religion, and on Mythology, Traditions, and Customs. By MAX MÜLLER, M.A. Fellow of All Souls College, Oxford. Second Edition, revised, with an Index. 2 vols. 8vo. 24s.

**ANALYSIS of the PHENOMENA of the HUMAN MIND.** By JAMES MILL. A New Edition, with Notes, Illustrative and Critical, by ALEXANDER BAIN, ANDREW FINDLATER, and GEORGE GEORGE. Edited, with additional Notes, by JOHN STUART MILL. 2 vols. 8vo. price 28s.

**AN INTRODUCTION to MENTAL PHILOSOPHY**, on the Inductive Method. By J. D. MORELL, M.A. LL.D. 8vo. 12s.

**Elements of Psychology**, containing the Analysis of the Intellectual Powers. By the same Author. Post 8vo. 7s. 6d.

**The SECRET of HEGEL**: being the Hegelian System in Origin, Principle, Form, and Matter. By J. H. STIRLING. 2 vols. 8vo. 28s.

**THE SENSES and the INTELLECT.** By ALEXANDER BAIN, M.D. Professor of Logic in the University of Aberdeen. Third Edition. 8vo. 15s.

**THE EMOTIONS and the WILL.** By the same Author. Second Edition. 8vo. 15s.

**ON the STUDY of CHARACTER**, including an Estimate of Phrenology. By the same Author. 8vo. 2s.

**MENTAL and MORAL SCIENCE**: a Compendium of Psychology and Ethics. By the same Author. Second Edition. Crown 8vo. 10s. 6d.

**STRONG AND FREE**; or, First Steps towards Social Science. By the Author of 'My Life, and What shall I do with it?' 8vo. price 10s. 6d.

**THE PHILOSOPHY of NECESSITY**; or, Natural Law as applicable to Mental, Moral, and Social Science. By CHARLES BRAY. Second Edition. 8vo. 9s.

**The Education of the Feelings and Affections.** By the same Author. Third Edition. 8vo. 3s. 6d.

**ON Force, its Mental and Moral Correlates.** By the same Author. 8vo. 5s.

**MIND and MANNER, or DIVERSITIES of LIFE.** By JAMES FLAMANK. Post 8vo. 7s. 6d.

**CHARACTERISTICS of MEN, MANNERS, OPINIONS, TIMES.** By ANTHONY, Third Earl of SHAFTESBURY. Published from the Edition of 1713, with Engravings designed by the Author; and Edited, with Marginal Analysis, Notes, and Illustrations, by the Rev. W. M. HATON, M.A. Fellow of New College, Oxford. 3 vols. 8vo. Vol. I. price 14s.

**A TREATISE on HUMAN NATURE**; being an Attempt to Introduce the Experimental Method of Reasoning into Moral Subjects. By DAVID HUME. Edited, with a Preliminary Dissertation and Notes, by T. H. GREEN, Fellow, and T. H. GROSE, late Scholar, of Balliol College, Oxford. [In the press.]

**ESSAYS MORAL, POLITICAL, and LITERARY.** By DAVID HUME. By the same Editors. [In the press.]

\* The above will form a new edition of DAVID HUME's *Philosophical Works*, complete in Four Volumes, to be had in Two separate Sections as announced.

**MENES and CHEOPS identified in History under Different Names**; with other Cosas. By CARL VON RIKART. 8vo. with 5 illustrations, price 10s. 6d.

## *Astronomy, Meteorology, Popular Geography, &c.*

- OUTLINES of ASTRONOMY.** By Sir J. F. W. HERSCHEL, Bart. M.A. Tenth Edition, revised; with 9 Plates and many Woodcuts. 8vo. 18s.
- SATURN and its SYSTEM.** By RICHARD A. PROCTOR, B.A. late Scholar of St John's Coll. Camb. 8vo. with 14 Plates, 14s.
- Handbook of the Stars.** By the same Author. With 3 Maps. Square fcp. 5s.
- CELESTIAL OBJECTS for COMMON TELESCOPES.** By the Rev. T. W. WEBB, M.A. F.R.A.S. Second Edition, revised, with a large Map of the Moon, and several Woodcuts. 16mo. 7s. 6d.
- NAVIGATION and NAUTICAL ASTRONOMY** (Practical, Theoretical, Scientific) for the use of Students and Practical Men. By J. MERRIFIELD, F.R.A.S. and H. EVERS. 8vo. 14s.
- DOVE'S LAW of STORMS,** considered in connexion with the Ordinary Movements of the Atmosphere. Translated by R. H. SCOTT, M.A. T.C.D. 8vo. 10s. 6d.
- PHYSICAL GEOGRAPHY for SCHOOLS and GENERAL READERS.** By M. F. MAURY, LL.D. Fcp. with 3 Charts, 2s. 6d.
- M'CULLOCH'S DICTIONARY,** Geographical, Statistical, and Historical, of the various Countries, Places, and Principal Natural Objects in the World. New Edition, with the Statistical Information brought up to the latest returns by F. MARTIN. 4 vols. 8vo. with coloured Maps, £4 4s.
- A GENERAL DICTIONARY of GEOGRAPHY,** Descriptive, Physical, Statistical, and Historical: forming a complete Gazetteer of the World. By A. KEITH JOHNSTON, LL.D. F.R.G.S. Revised Edition. 8vo. 81s. 6d.
- A MANUAL of GEOGRAPHY,** Physical, Industrial, and Political. By W. HUGHES, F.R.G.S. With 6 Maps. Fcp. 7s. 6d.
- The STATES of the RIVER PLATE:** their Industries and Commerce. By WILFRID LATHAM, Buenos Ayres. Second Edition, revised. 8vo. 12s.
- MAUNDER'S TREASURY of GEOGRAPHY,** Physical, Historical, Descriptive, and Political. Edited by W. HUGHES, F.R.G.S. With 7 Maps and 16 Plates. Fcp. 10s. 6d.

## *Natural History and Popular Science.*

- ELEMENTARY TREATISE on PHYSICS,** Experimental and Applied. Translated and edited from GANOT'S *Éléments de Physique* (with the Author's sanction) by E. ATKINSON, Ph.D. F.C.S. New Edition, revised and enlarged; with a Coloured Plate and 620 Woodcuts. Post 8vo. 15s.
- The ELEMENTS of PHYSICS or NATURAL PHILOSOPHY.** By NEIL ARNOTT, M.D. F.R.S. Physician Extraordinary to the Queen. Sixth Edition, rewritten and completed. Two Parts, 8vo. 21s.
- SOUND:** a Course of Eight Lectures delivered at the Royal Institution of Great Britain. By JOHN TYNDALL, LL.D. F.R.S. Second Edition, crown 8vo. with Portrait of M. Chladni and 169 Woodcuts, price 9s.

- HEAT CONSIDERED as a MODE of MOTION.** By Professor JOHN TYNDALL, LL.D. F.R.S. Third Edition. Crown 8vo. with Woodcuts, 10s. 6d.
- LIGHT: Its Influence on Life and Health.** By FORBES WINSLOW, M.D. D.C.L. Oxon. (Hon.). Fcp. 8vo. 6s.
- A TREATISE on ELECTRICITY, in Theory and Practice.** By A. DE LA RIVE, Prof. in the Academy of Geneva. Translated by C. V. WALKER, F.R.S. 8 vols. 8vo. with Woodcuts, £3 12s.
- The CORRELATION of PHYSICAL FORCES.** By W. R. GROVE, Q.C. V.P.R.S. Fifth Edition, revised, and followed by a Discourse on Continuity. 8vo. 10s. 6d. *The Discourse on Continuity*, separately, 2s. 6d.
- MANUAL of GEOLOGY.** By S. HAUGHTON, M.D. F.R.S. Revised Edition, with 66 Woodcuts. Fcp. 7s. 6d.
- A GUIDE to GEOLOGY.** By J. PHILLIPS, M.A. Professor of Geology in the University of Oxford. Fifth Edition, with Plates. Fcp. 4s.
- The SCENERY of ENGLAND and WALES, its Character and Origin; being an Attempt to trace the Nature of the Geological Causes, especially Denudation, by which the Physical Features of the Country have been produced.** By D. MACKINTOSH, F.G.S. Post 8vo. with 89 Woodcuts, 12s.
- The STUDENT'S MANUAL of ZOOLOGY and COMPARATIVE PHYSIOLOGY.** By J. BURNES YEO, M.B. Resident Medical Tutor and Lecturer on Animal Physiology in King's College, London. [*Nearly ready.*]
- VAN DER HOEVEN'S HANDBOOK of ZOOLOGY.** Translated from the Second Dutch Edition by the Rev. W. CLARK, M.D. F.R.S. 3 vols. 8vo. with 34 Plates of Figures, 60s.
- Professor OWEN'S LECTURES on the COMPARATIVE ANATOMY and Physiology of the Invertebrate Animals.** Second Edition, with 235 Woodcuts. 8vo. 21s.
- The COMPARATIVE ANATOMY and PHYSIOLOGY of the VERTEBRATE Animals.** By RICHARD OWEN, F.R.S. D.C.L. With 1,472 Woodcuts. 3 vols. 8vo. £3 13s. 6d.
- The PRIMITIVE INHABITANTS of SCANDINAVIA: containing a Description of the Implements, Dwellings, Tombs, and Mode of Living of the Savages in the North of Europe during the Stone Age.** By SVEN NILSSON. With 16 Plates of Figures and 3 Woodcuts. 8vo. 18s.
- BIBLE ANIMALS; being a Description of every Living Creature mentioned in the Scriptures, from the Ape to the Coral.** By the Rev. J. G. WOOD, M.A. F.L.S. With about 100 Vignettes on Wood (20 full size of page). 8vo. 21s.
- HOMES WITHOUT HANDS: a Description of the Habitations of Animals, classed according to their Principle of Construction.** By Rev. J. G. WOOD, M.A. F.L.S. With about 140 Vignettes on Wood (20 full size of page). New Edition. 8vo. 21s.
- A FAMILIAR HISTORY of BIRDS.** By E. STANLEY D.D. F.R.S. late Lord Bishop of Norwich. Seventh Edition, with Woodcuts. Fcp. 3s. 6d.
- The HARMONIES of NATURE and UNITY of CREATION.** By Dr. GEORGE HARTWIG. 8vo. with numerous Illustrations, 18s.
- The Sea and its Living Wonders.** By the same Author. Third (English) Edition. 8vo. with many Illustrations, 21s.

**THE TROPICAL WORLD.** By Dr. GEO. HARTWIG. With 8 Chromo-zylographs and 172 Woodcuts. 8vo. 21s.

**THE POLAR WORLD;** a Popular Description of Man and Nature in the Arctic and Antarctic Regions of the Globe. By Dr. GEORGE HARTWIG. With 8 Chromo-zylographs, 3 Maps, and 85 Woodcuts. 8vo. 21s.

**KIRBY and SPENCE'S INTRODUCTION to ENTOMOLOGY,** or Elements of the Natural History of Insects. 7th Edition. Crown 8vo. 5s.

**MAUNDER'S TREASURY of NATURAL HISTORY,** or Popular Dictionary of Zoology. Revised and corrected by T. S. COBBOLD, M.D. Fcp. with 900 Woodcuts, 10s. 6d.

**THE TREASURY of BOTANY,** or Popular Dictionary of the Vegetable Kingdom; including a Glossary of Botanical Terms. Edited by J. LINDLEY, F.R.S. and T. MOORE, F.L.S. assisted by eminent Contributors. Pp. 1,274, with 274 Woodcuts and 20 Steel Plates. 2 Parts. fcp. 20s.

**THE ELEMENTS of BOTANY for FAMILIES and SCHOOLS.** Tenth Edition, revised by THOMAS MOORE, F.L.S. Fcp. with 154 Woodcuts, 2s. 6d.

**THE ROSE AMATEUR'S GUIDE.** By THOMAS RIVERS. Ninth Edition. Fcp. 4s.

**THE BRITISH FLORA;** comprising the Phænogamous or Flowering Plants and the Ferns. By Sir W. J. HOOKER, K.H. and G. A. WALKER-ARNOTT, LL.D. 12mo. with 12 Plates, 14s. or coloured. 21s.

**LOUDON'S ENCYCLOPÆDIA of PLANTS;** comprising the Specific Character, Description, Culture, History, &c. of all the Plants found in Great Britain. With upwards of 12,000 Woodcuts. 8vo. 42s.

**MAUNDER'S SCIENTIFIC and LITERARY TREASURY.** New Edition, thoroughly revised and in great part re-written, with above 1,000 new Articles, by J. Y. JOHNSON, Corr. M.Z.S. Fcp. 10s. 6d.

**A DICTIONARY of SCIENCE, LITERATURE, and ART.** Fourth Edition, re-edited by W. T. BRANDE (the Author), and GEORGE W. COX, M.A. assisted by contributors of eminent Scientific and Literary Acquirements. 3 vols. medium 8vo. price 63s. cloth.

**THE QUARTERLY JOURNAL of SCIENCE.** Edited by JAMES SAMUELSON and WILLIAM CROOKES, F.R.S. Published quarterly in January, April, July, and October. 8vo. with Illustrations, price 5s. each Number.

---

## *Chemistry, Medicine, Surgery, and the Allied Sciences.*

**A DICTIONARY of CHEMISTRY** and the Allied Branches of other Sciences. By HENRY WATTS, F.R.S. assisted by eminent Contributors. Complete in 5 vols. medium 8vo. £7 3s.

**ELEMENTS of CHEMISTRY,** Theoretical and Practical. By W. ALLEN MILLER, M.D. &c. Prof. of Chemistry, King's Coll. London. Fourth Edition. 3 vols. 8vo. £3. PART I. CHEMICAL PHYSICS, 15s. PART II. INORGANIC CHEMISTRY, 21s. PART III. ORGANIC CHEMISTRY, 24s.

**A MANUAL of CHEMISTRY,** Descriptive and Theoretical. By WILLIAM ODLING, M.B. F.R.S. PART I. 8vo. 9s. PART II. *just ready.*

**OUTLINES of CHEMISTRY**; or, Brief Notes of Chemical Facts.  
By WILLIAM ODLING, M.B.F.R.S. Crown 8vo. 7s. 6d.

**A Course of Practical Chemistry**, for the use of Medical Students.  
By the same Author. New Edition, with 70 Woodcuts. Crown 8vo. 7s. 6d.

**Lectures on Animal Chemistry**, delivered at the Royal College of Physicians in 1865. By the same Author. Crown 8vo. 4s. 6d.

**LECTURES on the CHEMICAL CHANGES of CARBON**. Delivered at the Royal Institution of Great Britain. By WILLIAM ODLING, M.B.F.R.S. Reprinted from the *Chemical News*, with Notes by W. CROOKES, F.R.S. Crown 8vo. price 4s. 6d.

**HANDBOOK of CHEMICAL ANALYSIS**, adapted to the UNITARY System of Notation. By F. T. CONINGTON, M.A. F.C.S. Post 8vo. 7s. 6d.  
—CONINGTON'S *Tables of Qualitative Analysis*, price 2s. 6d.

**A TREATISE on MEDICAL ELECTRICITY, THEORETICAL and PRACTICAL**; and its Use in the Treatment of Paralysis, Neuralgia, and other Diseases. By JULIUS ALTHAUS, M.D. &c. Senior Physician to the Infirmary for Epilepsy and Paralysis. Second Edition, revised and partly re-written. Post 8vo. price 12s. 6d.

**The DIAGNOSIS, PATHOLOGY, and TREATMENT of DISEASES of Women**; including the Diagnosis of Pregnancy. By GRAILY HEWITT, M.D. Second Edition, enlarged; with 116 Woodcut Illustrations. 8vo. 24s.

**LECTURES on the DISEASES of INFANCY and CHILDHOOD**. By CHARLES WEST, M.D. &c. Fifth Edition, revised and enlarged. 8vo. 16s.

**A SYSTEM of SURGERY**, Theoretical and Practical. In Treatises by Various Authors. Edited by T. HOLMES, M.A. &c. Surgeon and Lecturer on Surgery at St. George's Hospital, and Surgeon-in-Chief to the Metropolitan Police. Second Edition, thoroughly revised, with numerous Illustrations. 5 vols. 8vo. £5 5s.

**THE SURGICAL TREATMENT of CHILDREN'S DISEASES**. By T. HOLMES, M.A. &c. late Surgeon to the Hospital for Sick Children. Second Edition, with 9 Plates and 112 Woodcuts. 8vo. 21s.

**LECTURES on the PRINCIPLES and PRACTICE of PHYSIC**. By Sir THOMAS WATSON, Bart. M.D. New Edition in preparation.

**LECTURES on SURGICAL PATHOLOGY**. By J. PAGET, F.R.S. Edited by W. TURNER, M.B. New Edition in preparation.

**COOPER'S DICTIONARY of PRACTICAL SURGERY** and Encyclopædia of Surgical Science. New Edition, brought down to the present time. By S. A. LANE, Surgeon to St. Mary's, and Consulting Surgeon to the Lock Hospitals, Lecturer on Surgery at St. Mary's Hospital; assisted by various Eminent Surgeons. Vol. II. 8vo. completing the work. [*Early in 1870.*]

**On CHRONIC BRONCHITIS**, especially as connected with GOUT, EMPHYSEMA, and DISEASES of the HEART. By E. HEADLAM GREENHOW, M.D. F.R.C.P. &c. 8vo. 7s. 6d.

**The CLIMATE of the SOUTH of FRANCE as SUITED to INVALIDS**; with Notices of Mediterranean and other Winter Stations. By C. T. WILLIAMS, M.A. M.D. Oxon. Assistant-Physician to the Hospital for Consumption at Brompton. Second Edition, with Frontispiece and Map. Crown 8vo. 6s.

**PULMONARY CONSUMPTION**; its Nature, Treatment, and Duration exemplified by an Analysis of One Thousand Cases selected from upwards of Twenty Thousand. By C. J. H. WILLIAMS, M.D. F.R.S. Consulting Physician to the Hospital for Consumption at Brompton; and C. T. WILLIAMS, M.A. M.D. Oxon. [Nearly ready.]

**A TREATISE on the CONTINUED FEVERS of GREAT BRITAIN.** By C. MURCHISON, M.D. New Edition in preparation.

**CLINICAL LECTURES on DISEASES of the LIVER, JAUNDICE, and ABDOMINAL DROPSY.** By CHARLES MURCHISON, M.D. Post 8vo, with 25 Woodcuts, 10s. 6d.

**ANATOMY, DESCRIPTIVE and SURGICAL.** By HENRY GRAY, F.R.S. With about 400 Woodcuts from Dissections. Fifth Edition, by T. HOLMES, M.A. Cantab. with a new Introduction by the Editor. Royal 8vo. 23s.

**CLINICAL NOTES on DISEASES of the LARYNX**, investigated and treated with the assistance of the Laryngoscope. By W. MARCET, M.D. F.R.S. Assistant-Physician to the Hospital for Consumption and Diseases of the Chest, Brompton. Crown 8vo. with 5 Lithographs, 6s.

**The THEORY of OCULAR DEFECTS and of SPECTACLES.** Translated from the German of Dr. H. SCHWEPFLER by R. B. CARTER, F.R.C.S. With Prefatory Notes and a Chapter of Practical Instructions. Post 8vo. price 7s. 6d.

**OUTLINES of PHYSIOLOGY, Human and Comparative.** By JOHN MARSHALL, F.R.C.S. Surgeon to the University College Hospital. 2 vols. crown 8vo. with 122 Woodcuts, 32s.

**ESSAYS on PHYSIOLOGICAL SUBJECTS.** By GILBERT W. CHILD, M.A. Second Edition, revised, with Woodcuts. Crown 8vo. 7s. 6d.

**PHYSIOLOGICAL ANATOMY and PHYSIOLOGY of MAN.** By the late R. B. TODD, M.D. F.R.S. and W. BOWMAN, F.R.S. of King's College. With numerous Illustrations. VOL. II. 8vo. 25s.

VOL. I. New Edition by Dr. LIONEL S. BEALE, F.R.S. in course of publication; PART I. with 8 Plates, 7s. 6d.

**COPLAND'S DICTIONARY of PRACTICAL MEDICINE**, abridged from the larger work and throughout brought down to the present State of Medical Science. 8vo. 36s.

**REIMANN'S HANDBOOK of ANILINE and its DERIVATIVES**; a Treatise on the Manufacture of Aniline and Aniline Colours. Edited by WILLIAM CROOKES, F.R.S. With 5 Woodcuts. 8vo. 10s. 6d.

**A MANUAL of MATERIA MEDICA and THERAPEUTICS**, abridged from Dr. PEREIRA's *Elements* by F. J. FARR, M.D. assisted by R. BENTLEY, M.R.C.S. and by R. WARINGTON, F.R.S. 8vo. with 90 Woodcuts, 21s.

**THOMSON'S CONSPECTUS of the BRITISH PHARMACOPOEIA.** 25th Edition, corrected by E. LLOYD BIRKET, M.D. 18mo. price 6s.

**MANUAL of the DOMESTIC PRACTICE of MEDICINE.** By W. R. KEESTER, F.R.C.S.E. Third Edition, revised, with Additions. Fop. 5s.

**GYMNASTS and GYMNASTICS.** By JOHN H. HOWARD, late Professor of Gymnastics, Comm. Coll. Ripponden. Second Edition, revised and enlarged, with 135 Woodcuts. Crown 8vo. 10s. 6d.

## *The Fine Arts, and Illustrated Editions.*

**IN FAIRYLAND;** Pictures from the Elf-World. By RICHARD DOYLE. With a Poem by W. ALLINGHAM. With Sixteen Plates, containing Thirty-six Designs printed in Colours. Folio, 31s. 6d.

**LIFE of JOHN GIBSON, R.A. SCULPTOR.** Edited by Lady EASTLAKE. 8vo. 10s. 6d.

**THE LORD'S PRAYER ILLUSTRATED** by F. R. PICKERSGILL, R.A. and HENRY ALFORD, D.D. Dean of Canterbury. Imp. 4to. price 21s. cloth.

**MATERIALS for a HISTORY of OIL PAINTING.** By Sir CHARLES LOCKE EASTLAKE, sometime President of the Royal Academy. VOL. II. 8vo. 14s.

**HALF-HOUR LECTURES on the HISTORY and PRACTICE of the Fine and Ornamental Arts.** By WILLIAM B. SCOTT. New Edition, revised by the Author; with 50 Woodcuts. Crown 8vo. 8s. 6d.

**ALBERT DURER, HIS LIFE and WORKS;** including Autobiographical Papers and Complete Catalogues. By WILLIAM B. SCOTT With Six Etchings by the Author, and other Illustrations. 8vo. 16s.

**SIX LECTURES on HARMONY,** delivered at the Royal Institution of Great Britain in the Year 1867. By G. A. MACFARREN. With numerous engraved Musical Examples and Specimens. 8vo. 10s. 6d.

**The CHORALE BOOK for ENGLAND:** the Hymns translated by Miss C. WINKWORTH; the tunes arranged by Prof. W. S. BENNETT and OTTO GOLDSCHMIDT. Fcp. 4to. 12s. 6d.

**The NEW TESTAMENT,** illustrated with Wood Engravings after the Early Masters, chiefly of the Italian School. Crown 4to. 63s. cloth, gilt top; or 25 5s. elegantly bound in morocco.

**LYRA GERMANICA;** the Christian Year. Translated by CATHERINE WINKWORTH; with 125 Illustrations on Wood drawn by J. LEIGHTON, F.S.A. 4to. 21s.

**LYRA GERMANICA;** the Christian Life. Translated by CATHERINE WINKWORTH; with about 200 Woodcut Illustrations by J. LEIGHTON, F.S.A. and other Artists. 4to. 21s.

**The LIFE of MAN SYMBOLISED** by the MONTHS of the YEAR. Text selected by R. PIGOT; Illustrations on Wood from Original Designs by J. LEIGHTON, F.S.A. 4to. 42s.

**CATS' and FARLIE'S MORAL EMBLEMS;** with Aphorisms, Adages, and Proverbs of all Nations. 121 Illustrations on Wood by J. LEIGHTON, F.S.A. Text selected by R. PIGOT. Imperial 8vo. 31s. 6d.

**SHAKESPEARE'S MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM,** illustrated with 21 Silhouette or Shadow-Pictures by P. KONZKA, engraved on Wood by A. VOGEL. Folio. 31s. 6d.

**SHAKESPEARE'S SENTIMENTS and SIMILES,** printed in Black and Gold, and Illuminated in the Missal Style by HENRY NOEL HUMPHREYS. square post 8vo. 21s.

**SACRED and LEGENDARY ART.** By Mrs. JAMESON.

**Legends of the Saints and Martyrs.** Fifth Edition, with 19 Etchings and 187 Woodcuts. 2 vols. square crown 8vo. 31s. 6d.

**Legends of the Monastic Orders.** Third Edition, with 11 Etchings and 88 Woodcuts. 1 vol. square crown 8vo. 21s.

**Legends of the Madonna.** Third Edition, with 27 Etchings and 165 Woodcuts. 1 vol. square crown 8vo. 21s.

**The History of Our Lord,** with that of his Types and Precursors. Completed by Lady EASTLAKE. Revised Edition, with 31 Etchings and 281 Woodcuts. 2 vols. square crown 8vo. 42s.

*The useful Arts, Manufactures, &c.*

**DRAWING from NATURE.** By GEORGE BARNARD, Professor of Drawing at Rugby School. With 18 Lithographic Plates, and 108 Wood Engravings. Imperial 8vo. price 25s.

**GWILT'S ENCYCLOPÆDIA of ARCHITECTURE,** with above 1,100 Engravings on Wood. Fifth Edition, revised and enlarged by WYATT PAPWORTH. Additionally illustrated with nearly 400 Wood Engravings by O. Jewitt, and more than 100 other new Woodcuts. 8vo. 52s. 6d.

**ITALIAN SCULPTORS:** being a History of Sculpture in Northern, Southern, and Eastern Italy. By C. C. PERKINS. With 30 Etchings and 13 Wood Engravings. Imperial 8vo. 42s.

**TUSCAN SCULPTORS, their Lives, Works, and Times.** With 45 Etchings and 28 Woodcuts from Original Drawings and Photographs. By the same Author. 2 vols. imperial 8vo. 63s.

**HINTS on HOUSEHOLD TASTE in FURNITURE, UPHOLSTERY,** and other Details. By CHARLES L. EASTLAKE, Architect. Second Edition, with about 90 Illustrations. Square crown 8vo. 19s.

**The ENGINEER'S HANDBOOK;** explaining the Principles which should guide the Young Engineer in the Construction of Machinery. By C. S. LOWNDES. Post 8vo. 5s.

**PRINCIPLES of MECHANISM,** designed for the Use of Students in the Universities, and for Engineering Students generally. By R. WILLIS, M.A. F.R.S. &c. Jacksonian Professor in the University of Cambridge. A new and enlarged Edition. 8vo. [Nearly ready.]

**LATHES and TURNING, Simple, Mechanical, and ORNAMENTAL.** By W. HENRY NORTHCOTT. With about 240 Illustrations on Steel and Wood. 8vo. 18s.

**URE'S DICTIONARY of ARTS, MANUFACTURES, and MINES.** Sixth Edition, chiefly rewritten and greatly enlarged by ROBERT HUNT, F.R.S. assisted by numerous Contributors eminent in Science and the Arts, and familiar with Manufactures. With above 2,000 Woodcuts. 3 vols. medium 8vo. price £4 14s. 6d.

**HANDBOOK of PRACTICAL TELEGRAPHY,** published with the sanction of the Chairman and Directors of the Electric and International Telegraph Company, and adopted by the Department of Telegraphs for India. By R. S. CULLEY. Third Edition. 8vo. 12s. 6d.

- ENCYCLOPEDIA of CIVIL ENGINEERING**, Historical, Theoretical, and Practical. By E. CRESSY, C.E. With above 3,000 Woodcuts. 8vo. 42s.
- TREATISE on MILLS and MILLWORK**. By Sir W. FAIRBAIRN, F.R.S. Second Edition, with 18 Plates and 323 Woodcuts. 2 vols. 8vo. 32s.
- Useful Information for Engineers**. By the same Author. **FIRST, SECOND, and THIRD SERIES**, with many Plates and Woodcuts. 3 vols. crown 8vo. 10s. 6d. each.
- The Application of Cast and Wrought Iron to Building Purposes**. By the same Author. New Edition preparing for publication.
- IRON SHIP BUILDING**, its History and Progress, as comprised in a Series of Experimental Researches. By the same Author. With 4 Plates and 130 Woodcuts. 8vo. 18s.
- A TREATISE on the STEAM ENGINE**, in its various Applications to Mines, Mills, Steam Navigation, Railways and Agriculture. By J. BOURNE, C.E. Eighth Edition: with Portrait, 37 Plates, and 546 Woodcuts. 4to. 42s.
- Catechism of the Steam Engine**, in its various Applications to Mines, Mills, Steam Navigation, Railways, and Agriculture. By the same Author. With 89 Woodcuts. Fcp. 6s.
- Handbook of the Steam Engine**. By the same Author, forming a Key to the Catechism of the Steam Engine, with 67 Woodcuts. Fcp. 6s.
- BOURNE'S RECENT IMPROVEMENTS in the STEAM ENGINE** in its various applications to Mines, Mills, Steam Navigation, Railways, and Agriculture. Being a Supplement to the Author's 'Catechism of the Steam Engine.' By JOHN BOURNE, C.E. New Edition, including many New Examples, among which are several of the most remarkable ENGINES exhibited in Paris in 1867; with 124 Woodcuts. Fcp. 8vo. 6s.
- A TREATISE on the SCREW PROPELLER, SCREW VESSELS, and Screw Engines**, as adapted for purposes of Peace and War; with Notices of other Methods of Propulsion, Tables of the Dimensions and Performance of Screw Steamers, and detailed Specifications of Ships and Engines. By J. BOURNE, C.E. New Edition, with 54 Plates and 287 Woodcuts. 4to. 63s.
- EXAMPLES of MODERN STEAM, AIR, and GAS ENGINES** of the most Approved Types, as employed for Pumping, for Driving Machinery, for Locomotion, and for Agriculture, minutely and practically described. Illustrated by Working Drawings, and embodying a Critical Account of all Projects of Recent Improvement in Furnaces, Boilers, and Engines. By JOHN BOURNE, C.E. In course of publication in 24 Parts, price 2s. 6d. each, forming One volume 4to. with about 50 Plates and 490 Woodcuts.
- A HISTORY of the MACHINE-WROUGHT HOSEERY and LACE Manufactures**. By WILLIAM FELKIN, F.L.S. F.R.S. Royal 8vo. 21s.
- PRACTICAL TREATISE on METALLURGY**, adapted from the last German Edition of Professor KERL's *Metallurgy* by W. CROOKES, F.R.S. &c. and E. RÖHRIG, Ph.D. M.E. In Three Volumes. 8vo. with 625 Woodcuts. VOL. I. price 31s. 6d. VOL. II. price 36s. VOL. III. price 31s. 6d.
- MITCHELL'S MANUAL of PRACTICAL ASSAYING**. Third Edition, for the most part re-written, with all the recent Discoveries incorporated, by W. CROOKES, F.R.S. With 188 Woodcuts. 8vo. 28s.
- The ART of PERFUMERY**; the History and Theory of Odours, and the Methods of Extracting the Aromas of Plants. By Dr. PISSAR, F.R.S. Third Edition, with 53 Woodcuts. Crown 8vo. 10s. 6d.
- Chemical, Natural, and Physical Magic**, for Juveniles during the Holidays. By the same Author. Third Edition, with 38 Woodcuts. Fcp. 6s.

**LOUDON'S ENCYCLOPÆDIA of AGRICULTURE:** comprising the Laying-out, Improvement, and Management of Landed Property, and the Cultivation and Economy of the Productions of Agriculture. With 1,100 Woodcuts. 8vo. 21s.

**London's Encyclopædia of Gardening:** comprising the Theory and Practice of Horticulture, Floriculture, Arboriculture, and Landscape Gardening. With 1,000 Woodcuts. 8vo. 21s.

**RAYLDON'S ART of VALUING RENTS and TILLAGES,** and Claims of Tenants upon Quitting Farms, both at Michaelmas and Lady-Day. Eighth Edition, revised by J. C. MORTON. 8vo. 10s. 6d.

### *Religious and Moral Works.*

**AN EXPOSITION of the 39 ARTICLES,** Historical and Doctrinal. By E. HAROLD BROWNE, D.D. Lord Bishop of Ely. Seventh Edit. 8vo. 16s.

**ARCHBISHOP LEIGHTON'S SERMONS and CHARGES.** With Additions and Corrections from MSS. and with Historical and other Illustrative Notes by the Rev. WILLIAM WEST, 8vo. 15s.

**BISHOP COTTON'S INSTRUCTIONS in the PRINCIPLES and Practice of Christianity,** intended chiefly as an introduction to Confirmation. Sixth Edition, 18mo. 2s. 6d.

**The ACTS of the APOSTLES;** with a Commentary, and Practical and Devotional Suggestions for Readers and Students of the English Bible. By the Rev. F. C. COOK, M.A. Canon of Exeter, &c. New Edition. 8vo. 12s. 6d.

**The LIFE and EPISTLES of ST. PAUL.** By the Rev. W. J. CONYBEARE, M.A., and the Very Rev. J. S. HOWSON, D.D. Dean of Chester:—

**LIBRARY EDITION,** with all the Original Illustrations, Maps, Landscapes on Steel, Woodcuts, &c. 2 vols. 4to. 48s.

**INTERMEDIATE EDITION,** with a Selection of Maps, Plates, and Woodcuts. 2 vols. square crown 8vo. 31s. 6d.

**PEOPLE'S EDITION,** revised and condensed, with 46 Illustrations and Maps. 2 vols. crown 8vo. 12s.

**The VOYAGE and SHIPWRECK of ST. PAUL;** with Dissertations on the Life and Writings of St. Luke and the Ships and Navigation of the Ancients. By JAMES SMITH, F.R.S. Third Edition. Crown 8vo. 10s. 6d.

**A CRITICAL and GRAMMATICAL COMMENTARY on ST. PAUL'S Epistles.** By C. J. ELLICOTT, D.D. Lord Bishop of Gloucester & Bristol. 8vo. Galatians, Fourth Edition, 8s. 6d.

Ephesians, Fourth Edition, 8s. 6d.

Pastoral Epistles, Fourth Edition, 10s. 6d.

Philippians, Colossians, and Philemon, Third Edition, 10s. 6d.

Thessalonians, Third Edition, 7s. 6d.

**Historical Lectures on the Life of our Lord Jesus Christ:** being the Hulsean Lectures for 1889. By the same Author. Fifth Edition. 8vo. price 12s.

**EVIDENCE of the TRUTH of the CHRISTIAN RELIGION** derived from the Literal Fulfilment of Prophecy. By ALEXANDER KEITH, D.D. 57th Edition, with numerous Plates, in square 8vo. 12s. 6d.; also the 39th Edition, in post 8vo. with 5 Plates, 6s.

**The HISTORY and DESTINY of the WORLD and of the CHURCH**, according to Scripture. By the same Author. Square 8vo. with 40 Illustrations, 10s.

**An INTRODUCTION to the STUDY of the NEW TESTAMENT**, Critical, Exegetical, and Theological. By the Rev. S. DAVIDSON, D.D. L.L.D. 2 vols. 8vo. 30s.

**Rev. T. H. HORNE'S INTRODUCTION to the CRITICAL STUDY** and Knowledge of the Holy Scriptures. Twelfth Edition, as last revised throughout. With 4 Maps and 22 Woodcuts and Facsimiles. 4 vols. 8vo. 42s.

**Rev. T. H. Horne's Compendious Introduction to the Study of the Bible**, being an Analysis of the larger work by the same Author. Re-edited by the Rev. JOHN AYRE, M.A. With Maps, &c. Post 8vo. 6s.

**EWALD'S HISTORY of ISRAEL to the DEATH of MOSES.** Translated from the German. Edited, with a Preface and an Appendix, by RUSSELL MARTINEAU, M.A. Prof. of Hebrew in Manchester New Coll. London. Second Edition. 2 vols. 8vo. 24s.

**FIVE YEARS in a PROTESTANT SISTERHOOD and TEN YEARS in a Catholic Convent; an Autobiography.** Post 8vo. 7s. 6d.

**The LIFE of MARGARET MARY HALLAHAN**, better known in the religious world by the name of Mother Margaret. By her RELIGIOUS CHILDREN. Second Edition. 8vo. with Portrait, 10s.

**The SEE of ROME in the MIDDLE AGES.** By the Rev. OSWALD J. REICHEL, B.C.L. and M.A. Vice-Principal of Cuddesdon College. 8vo. [Nearly ready.]

**The EVIDENCE for the PAPACY**, as derived from the Holy Scriptures and from Primitive Antiquity, with an Introductory Epistle. By the Hon. COLIN LINDSAY. [Nearly ready.]

**THE TREASURY of BIBLE KNOWLEDGE; being a Dictionary of the Books, Persons, Places, Events, and other matters of which mention is made in Holy Scripture.** By Rev. J. AYRE, M.A. With Maps, 16 Plates, and numerous Woodcuts. Fcp. 10s. 6d.

**THE GREEK TESTAMENT; with Notes, Grammatical and Exegetical.** By the Rev W. WEBSTER, M.A. and the Rev. W. F. WILKINSON, M.A. vols. 8vo. £2 4s.

**EVERY-DAY SCRIPTURE DIFFICULTIES** explained and illustrated. By J. E. PRESCOTT, M.A. VOL. I. *Matthew and Mark*; VOL. II. *Luke and John*. 2 vols. 8vo. 9s. each.

**The PENTATEUCH and BOOK of JOSHUA CRITICALLY EXAMINED.** By the Right Rev. J. W. COLEMAN, D.D. Lord Bishop of Natal. People's Edition, in 1 vol. crown 8vo. 6s. or in 5 Parts, 1s. each.

**The CHURCH and the WORLD: Three Series of Essays on Questions of the Day.** By Various Writers. Edited by the Rev. ORBY SHIPLEY, M.A. Three Volumes, 8vo. price 15s. each.

**The FORMATION of CHRISTENDOM.** By T. W. ALLINS. PARTS I. and II. 8vo. price 12s. each Part.

**ENGLAND and CHRISTENDOM.** By ARCHBISHOP MANNING, D.D.  
Post 8vo. price 10s. 6d.

**CHRISTENDOM'S DIVISIONS, PART I.**, a Philosophical Sketch of the Divisions of the Christian Family in East and West. By EDMUND S. FROULKES. Post 8vo. price 7s. 6d.

**Christendom's Divisions, PART II.** Greeks and Latins, being a History of their Dissensions and Overtures for Peace down to the Reformation. By the same Author. Post 8vo. 15s.

**The HIDDEN WISDOM of CHRIST and the KEY of KNOWLEDGE;** or, History of the Apocrypha. By ERNEST DE BUNSEN. 2 vols. 8vo. 28s.

**The KEYS of ST. PETER;** or, the House of Rechab, connected with the History of Symbolism and Idolatry. By the same Author. 8vo. 14s.

**The TYPES of GENESIS**, briefly considered as Revealing the Development of Human Nature. By ANDREW JUKES. Second Edition. Crown 8vo. 7s. 6d.

**The Second Death and the Restitution of All Things**, with some Preliminary Remarks on the Nature and Inspiration of Holy Scripture. By the same Author. Second Edition. Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d.

**ESSAYS and REVIEWS.** By the Rev. W. TEMPLE, D.D. the Rev. R. WILLIAMS, B.D. the Rev. B. POWELL, M.A. the Rev. H. B. WILSON, B.D. C. W. GOODWIN, M.A. the Rev. M. PATTISON, B.D. and the Rev. B. JOWETT, M.A. Twelfth Edition. Fcp. 8vo. 5s.

**The POWER of the SOUL over the BODY.** By GEORGE MOORE, M.D. M.R.C.P.L. &c. Sixth Edition. Crown 8vo. 8s. 6d.

**PASSING THOUGHTS on RELIGION.** By ELIZABETH M. SEWELL, Author of 'Amy Herbert.' New Edition. Fcp. 8vo. 5s.

**Self-Examination before Confirmation.** By the same Author. 32mo. price 1s. 6d.

**Readings for a Month Preparatory to Confirmation**, from Writers of the Early and English Church. By the same Author. Fcp. 4s.

**Readings for Every Day in Lent**, compiled from the Writings of Bishop JEREMY TAYLOR. By the same Author. Fcp. 5s.

**Preparation for the Holy Communion;** the Devotions chiefly from the works of JEREMY TAYLOR. By the same Author. 32mo. 3s.

**THOUGHTS for the HOLY WEEK** for Young Persons. By the Author of 'Amy Herbert.' New Edition. Fcp. 8vo. 2s.

**PRINCIPLES of EDUCATION** Drawn from Nature and Revelation, and applied to Female Education in the Upper Classes. By the Author of 'Amy Herbert.' 2 vols. fcp. 12s. 6d.

**The WIFE'S MANUAL;** or, Prayers, Thoughts, and Songs on Several Occasions of a Matron's Life. By the Rev. W. CALVERT, M.A. Crown 8vo. price 10s. 6d.

**SINGERS and SONGS of the CHURCH:** being Biographical Sketches of the Hymn-Writers in all the principal Collections; with Notes on their Psalms and Hymns. By JOSIAH MILLER, M.A. Second Edition, enlarged. Post 8vo. price 10s. 6d.

**LYRA GERMANICA**, translated from the German by Miss C. WINKWORTH. FIRST SERIES, Hymns for the Sundays and Chief Festivals. SECOND SERIES, the Christian Life. Fcp. 3s. 6d. each SERIES.

- 'SPIRITUAL SONGS'** for the **SUNDAYS** and **HOLIDAYS** throughout the Year. By J. S. R. MONSELL, LL.D. Vicar of Egham and Rural Dean. Fourth Edition, Sixth Thousand. Fcp. 4s. 6d.
- The Beatitudes**: Abasement before God; Sorrow for Sin; Meekness of Spirit; Desire for Holiness; Gentleness; Purity of Heart; the Peacemakers; Sufferings for Christ. By the same. Third Edition. Fcp. 3s. 6d.
- His PRESENCE—not his MEMORY**, 1855. By the same Author, in Memory of his Son. Sixth Edition. 16mo. 1s.
- LYRA EUCARISTICA**; Hymns and Verses on the Holy Communion, Ancient and Modern; with other Poems. Edited by the Rev. ORBY SHIPLEY, M.A. Second Edition. Fcp. 8s.
- Lyra Messianica**; Hymns and Verses on the Life of Christ, Ancient and Modern; with other Poems. By the same Editor. Second Edition, altered and enlarged. Fcp. 5s.
- Lyra Mystica**; Hymns and Verses on Sacred Subjects, Ancient and Modern. By the same Editor. Fcp. 5s.
- ENDEAVOURS** after the **CHRISTIAN LIFE**: Discourses. By JAMES MARTINEAU. Fourth and cheaper Edition, carefully revised; the Two Series complete in One Volume. Post 8vo. 7s. 6d.
- INVOCATION of SAINTS and ANGELS**, for the use of Members of the English Church. Edited by the Rev. ORBY SHIPLEY. 24mo. 3s. 6d.
- WHATELY'S** Introductory Lessons on the Christian Evidences. 18mo. 6d.
- INTRODUCTORY LESSONS** on the **HISTORY of RELIGIOUS** Worship; being a Sequel to the 'Lessons on Christian Evidences.' By RICHARD WHATELY, D.D. New Edition. 18mo. 2s. 6d.
- BISHOP JEREMY TAYLOR'S ENTIRE WORKS**. With Life by BISHOP HEBER. Revised and corrected by the Rev. C. P. EDEN, 10 vols. price 25 5s.

### *Travels, Voyages, &c.*

- ENGLAND to DELHI**; a Narrative of Indian Travel. By JOHN MATHESON, Glasgow. Imperial 8vo. with very numerous Illustrations.
- CADORE**; or, **TIETAN'S COUNTRY**. By JOSIAH GILBERT, one of the Authors of 'The Dolomite Mountains.' With Map, Facsimile, and 49 Illustrations. Imperial 8vo. 51s. 6d.
- NARRATIVE of the EUPHRATES EXPEDITION** carried on by Order of the British Government during the years 1835, 1836, and 1837. By General F. R. CHENEY, F.R.S. With 2 Maps, 45 Plates, and 18 Woodcuts. 8vo. 24s.
- TRAVELS in the CENTRAL CAUCASUS and BASHAN**. Including Visits to Ararat and Tabreez and Ascents of Kasbek and Elbruz. By DOUGLAS W. FRESHFIELD. With 3 Maps, 2 Panoramas of Summits, 4 full-page Wood Engravings, and 16 Woodcuts. Square crown 8vo. 12s.
- PICTURES in TYROL and Elsewhere**. From a Family Sketch-Book. By the Authoress of 'A Voyage on Zigsag,' &c. Second Edition. Small 4to. with numerous Illustrations, 21s.
- HOW WE SPENT the SUMMER**; or, a Voyage on Zigsag in Switzerland and Tyrol with some Members of the ALPINE CLUB. From the Sketch-Book of one of the Party. In oblong 4to. with 306 Illustrations, 15s.

**BEATEN TRACKS**; or, Pen and Pencil Sketches in Italy. By the Author of 'A Voyage en Zikzag.' With 42 Plates, containing about 200 Sketches from Drawings made on the Spot. 8vo. 16s.

**MAP of the CHAIN of MONT BLANC**, from an actual Survey in 1863-1864. By A. ADAMS-REILLY, F.R.G.S. M.A.C. Published under the Authority of the Alpine Club. In Chromolithography on extra stout drawing-paper 28in. x 17in. price 16s. or mounted on canvas in a folding case, 12s. 6d.

**PIONEERING in THE PAMPAS**; or, the First Four Years of a Settler's Experience in the La Plata Camps. By E. A. SHYMOVE. Post 8vo. Second Edition, with Map, 6s.

**The PARAGUAYAN WAR**: with Sketches of the History of Paraguay, and of the Manners and Customs of the People; and Notes on the Military Engineering of the War. By GEORGE THOMPSON, C.E. With 8 Maps and Plans, and a Portrait of Lopez. Post 8vo. 12s. 6d.

**HISTORY of DISCOVERY in our AUSTRALASIAN COLONIES**, Australia, Tasmania, and New Zealand, from the Earliest Date to the Present Day. By WILLIAM HOWITT. 2 vols. 8vo. with 8 Maps, 28s.

**NOTES on BURGUNDY**. By CHARLES RICHARD WELD. Edited by his Widow; with Portrait and Memoir. Post 8vo. 8s. 6d.

**The CAPITAL of the TYCOON**; a Narrative of a Three Years' Residence in Japan. By SIR RUTHERFORD ALCOCK, K.C.B. 2 vols. 8vo. with numerous Illustrations, 42s.

**The DOLOMITE MOUNTAINS**; Excursions through Tyrol, Carinthia, Carniola, and Friuli, 1861-1863. By J. GILBERT and G. C. CHURCHILL, F.R.G.S. With numerous Illustrations. Square crown 8vo. 21s.

**GUIDE to the PYRENEES**, for the use of Mountaineers. By CHARLES PACE. 2nd Edition, with Map and Illustrations. Cr. 8vo. 7s. 6d.

**The ALPINE GUIDE**. By JOHN BALL, M.R.I.A. late President of the Alpine Club. 3 vols. post 8vo. with Maps and other Illustrations:—

Guide to the Eastern Alps, price 10s. 6d.

Guide to the Western Alps, including Mont Blanc, Monte Rosa, Zermatt, &c. Price 6s. 6d.

Guide to the Central Alps, including all the Oberland District. 7s. 6d.

**Introduction on Alpine Travelling in General, and on the Geology of the Alps**, price 1s. Each of the Three Volumes or Parts of the *Alpine Guide* may be had with this INTRODUCTION prefixed, price 1s. extra.

**MEMORIALS of LONDON and LONDON LIFE** in the 31th, 14th, and 11th Centuries; being a Series of Extracts, Local, Social, and Political, from the Archives of the City of London, A.D. 1276-1419. Selected, translated, and edited by H. T. RILEY, M.A. Royal 8vo. 21s.

**COMMENTARIES on the HISTORY, CONSTITUTION, and CHARTERED FRANCHISES of the CITY of LONDON**. By GEORGE NORTON, formerly one of the Common Pleaders of the City of London. Third Edition. 8vo. 14s.

**CURIOSITIES of LONDON**; exhibiting the most Rare and Remarkable Objects of Interest in the Metropolis; with nearly Sixty Years' Personal Recollections. By JOHN TIMBS, F.S.A. New Edition, corrected and enlarged. 8vo. with Portrait, 21s.

**THE NORTHERN HEIGHTS of LONDON**; or, Historical Associations of Hampstead, Highgate, Muswell Hill, Hornsey, and Islington. By WILLIAM HOWITT. With about 40 Woodcuts. Square crown 8vo. 21s.

**VISITS to REMARKABLE PLACES**: Old Halla, Battle-Fields, and Stones Illustrative of Striking Passages in English History and Poetry. By WILLIAM HOWITT. 2 vols. square crown 8vo. with Woodcuts, 25s.

**THE RURAL LIFE of ENGLAND**. By the same Author. With Woodcuts by Bewick and Williams. Medium 8vo. 12s. 6d.

**ROMA SOTTERRANEA**; or an Account of the Roman Catacombs, especially of the Cemetery of San Callisto. Compiled from the Works of Commendatore G. B. DE ROSSI by the Rev. J. S. NORTHCOTE, D.D. and the Rev. W. H. BROWNLOW. With numerous Plans and other Illustrations. 8vo. 31s. 6d.

**PILGRIMAGES in the PYRENEES and LANDES**: their Sanctuaries and Shrines. By DENYS SHYNE LAWLER. Post 8vo. [*In the press*]

**VIKRAM and the VAMPIRE**; or, Tales of Hindu Devilry. Adapted by RICHARD F. BURTON, F.R.G.S. &c. With 33 Illustrations by Ernest Griset. Crown 8vo. 9s.

**MABELDEAN, or CHRISTIANITY REVERSED**; being the History of a Noble Family: a Social, Political, and Theological Novel. By OWEN GOWER, of Gaybrook. 3 vols. post 8vo. 31s. 6d.

**THROUGH the NIGHT**; a Tale of the Times. To which is added 'Onward, or a Summer Sketch.' By WALTER SWEETMAN, B.A. 2 vols. post 8vo. 21s.

**THE GERMAN WORKING MAN**; being an Account of the Daily Life, Amusements, and Unions for Culture and Material Progress of the Artisans of North and South Germany and Switzerland. By JAMES SAMUELSON. Crown 8vo. with Frontispiece, 3s. 6d.

### *Works of Fiction.*

**THE WARDEN**: a Novel. By ANTHONY TROLLOPE. Crown 8vo. 1s. 6d.

**Barchester Towers**: a Sequel to 'The Warden.' Crown 8vo. 2s.

**STORIES and TALES** by ELIZABETH M. SEWELL, Author of 'Amy Herbert,' uniform Edition, each Tale or Story complete in a single Volume.

AMY HERBERT, 2s. 6d.

GERTRUDE, 2s. 6d.

KARL'S DAUGHTER, 2s. 6d.

EXPERIENCE OF LIFE, 2s. 6d.

CLEVE HALL, 3s. 6d.

IVORA, 3s. 6d.

KATHARINE ASHTON, 3s. 6d.

MARGARET PERCIVAL, 5s.

LANRTON PARSONAGE, 4s. 6d.

URSULA, 4s. 6d.

**A Glimpse of the World**. By the Author of 'Amy Herbert,' Fcp. 7s. 6d.

**The Journal of a Home Life**. By the same Author. Post 8vo. 9s. 6d.

**After Life**; a Sequel to 'The Journal of a Home Life.' Price 10s. 6d.

**UNCLE PETER'S FAIRY TALE** for the XIX CENTURY. Edited by E. M. SEWELL, Author of 'Amy Herbert,' &c. Fcp. 8vo. 7s. 6d.

**DOCTOR HAROLD'S NOTE-BOOK**. By Mrs. GASCOIGNE, Author of 'The Next Door Neighbours,' &c. Fcp. 8vo. 6s.

**BECKER'S GALLUS**; or, Roman Scenes of the Time of Augustus : with Notes and Excursuses. New Edition. Post 8vo. 7s. 6d.

**BECKER'S CHARICLES**; a Tale illustrative of Private Life among the Ancient Greeks: with Notes and Excursuses. New Edition. Post 8vo. 7s. 6d.

**NOVELS and TALES** by G. J. WHYTE MELVILLE :—

The GLADIATORS, 5s.  
DIGBY GRAND, 5s.  
KATE COVENTRY, 5s.  
GENERAL BOUNCE, 5s.

HOLMBY HOUSE, 5s.  
GOOD FOR NOTHING, 6s.  
The QUEEN'S MARIES, 6s.  
The INTERPRETER, 5s.

**TALES of ANCIENT GREECE.** By GEORGE W. COX, M.A. late Scholar of Trin. Coll. Oxon. Being a Collective Edition of the Author's Classical Stories and Tales, complete in One Volume. Crown 8vo. 6s. 6d.

**A MANUAL of MYTHOLOGY**, in the form of Question and Answer. By the same Author. Fcp. 3s.

**OUR CHILDREN'S STORY**, by one of their Gossips. By the Author of 'Voyage en Z'zazag,' 'Pictures in Tyrol,' &c. Small 4to. with Sixty Illustrations by the Author, price 10s. 6d.

### *Poetry and The Drama.*

**THOMAS MOORE'S POETICAL WORKS**, the only Editions containing the Author's last Copyright Additions :—

CABINET EDITION, 10 vols. fcp. 8vo. price 35s.  
SHAMROCK EDITION, crown 8vo. price 3s. 6d.  
RUBY EDITION, crown 8vo. with Portrait, price 6s.  
LIBRARY EDITION, medium 8vo. Portrait and Vignette, 14s.  
PEOPLE'S EDITION, square crown 8vo. with Portrait, &c. 10s. 6d.

**MOORE'S IRISH MELODIES**, Macclise's Edition, with 161 Steel Plates from Original Drawings. Super-royal 8vo. 31s. 6d.

**Miniature Edition of Moore's Irish Melodies** with Macclise's Designs (as above) reduced in Lithography. Imp. 16mo. 10s. 6d.

**MOORE'S LALLA ROOKH.** Tenniel's Edition, with 68 Wood Engravings from original Drawings and other Illustrations. Fcp. 4to. 21s.

**SOUTHEY'S POETICAL WORKS**, with the Author's last Corrections and copyright Additions. Library Edition, in 1 vol. medium 8vo. with Portrait and Vignette, 14s.

**LAYS of ANCIENT ROME**; with *Ivry* and the *Armada*. By the Right Hon. LORD MACAULAY. 16mo. 4s. 6d.

**Lord Macaulay's Lays of Ancient Rome.** With 90 Illustrations on Wood, from the Antique, from Drawings by G. SCHARF. Fcp. 4to. 21s.

**Miniature Edition of Lord Macaulay's Lays of Ancient Rome**, with the Illustrations (as above) reduced in Lithography. Imp. 16mo. 10s. 6d.

**GOLDSMITH'S POETICAL WORKS**, with Wood Engravings from Designs by Members of the ETCHING CLUB. Imperial 16mo. 7s. 6d.

**POEMS.** By JEAN INGELOW. Fifteenth Edition. Fcp. 8vo. 5s.

**POEMS** by Jean Ingelow. With nearly 100 Illustrations by Eminent Artists, engraved on Wood by the Brothers DALZIEL. Fcp. 4to. 21s.

- MOPSA the FAIRY.** By JEAN INGELow. Pp. 256, with Eight Illustrations engraved on Wood. Fcp. 8vo. 6s.
- A STORY of DOOM, and other Poems.** By JEAN INGELow. Third Edition. Fcp. 5s.
- POETICAL WORKS of LETITIA ELIZABETH LANDON (L.E.L.).** 2 vols. 16mo. 10s.
- BOWDLER'S FAMILY SHAKSPEARE,** cheaper Genuine Editions: Medium 8vo. large type, with 36 Woodcuts, price 14s. Cabinet Edition, with the same ILLUSTRATIONS, 6 vols. fcp. 3s. 6d. each.
- HORATII OPERA,** Pocket Edition, with carefully corrected Text, Marginal References, and Introduction. Edited by the Rev. J. E. YONGE, M.A. Square 18mo. 4s. 6d.
- HORATII OPERA.** Library Edition, with Marginal References and English Notes. Edited by the Rev. J. E. YONGE. 8vo. 21s.
- The ÆNEID of VIRGIL** Translated into English Verse. By JOHN CORINGTON, M.A. Crown 8vo. 2s.
- ARUNDINES CAMI,** sive Musarum Cantabrigiensium Lusus canori. Collegit atque edidit H. DEURY, M.A. Editio Sexta, curavit H. J. HODGEON, M.A. Crown 8vo. 7s. 6d.
- The ILIAD of HOMER TRANSLATED into BLANK VERSE.** By ICHABOD CHARLES WRIGHT, M.A. 2 vols. crown 8vo. 21s.
- The ILIAD of HOMER in ENGLISH HEXAMETER VERSE.** By J. HENRY DART, M.A. of Exeter Coll. Oxford. Square crown 8vo. 21s.
- DANTE'S DIVINE COMEDY,** translated in English Tersa Rima by JOHN DAYMAN, M.A. [With the Italian Text, after *Brunetti*, interpaged.] 8vo. 21s.
- HUNTING SONGS and MISCELLANEOUS VERSES.** By R. E. EGERTON WARBURTON. Second Edition. Fcp. 8vo. 5s.
- The SILVER STORE** collected from Mediæval Christian and Jewish Mines. By the Rev. SARINE BARING-GOULD, M.A. Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d.

### *Rural Sports, &c.*

- BLAINE'S ENCYCLOPÆDIA of RURAL SPORTS;** Hunting, Shooting, Fishing, Racing, &c. With above 600 Woodcuts (20 from Designs by JOHN LEECH). 8vo. 42s.
- Col. HAWKER'S INSTRUCTIONS to YOUNG SPORTSMEN** in all that relates to Guns and Shooting. Revised by the Author's Son. Square crown 8vo. with Illustrations, 18s.
- The DEAD SHOT,** or Sportsman's Complete Guide; a Treatise on the Use of the Gun, Dog-breaking, Pigeon-shooting, &c. By MARKSMAN. Revised Edition. Fcp. 8vo. with Plates, 5s.
- The FLY-FISHER'S ENTOMOLOGY.** By ALFRED RONALDS. With coloured Representations of the Natural and Artificial Insect. Sixth Edition; with 20 coloured Plates. 8vo. 14s.
- A BOOK on ANGLING;** a complete Treatise on the Art of Angling in every branch. By FRANCIS FRANCIS. Second Edition, with Portrait and 15 other Plates, plain and coloured. Post 8vo. 15s.

**WILCOCK'S SEA-FISHERMAN**; comprising the Chief Methods of Hook and Line Fishing in the British and other Seas, a Glance at Nets, and Remarks on Boats and Boating. Second Edition, enlarged; with 80 Woodcuts. Post 8vo. 12s. 6d.

**HORSES and STABLES.** By Colonel F. FITZWYGRAM, XV. the King's Hussars. Pp. 624; with 24 Plates of Illustrations, containing very numerous Figures engraved on Wood. 8vo. 15s.

**The HORSE'S FOOT, and HOW to KEEP IT SOUND.** By W. MILLS, Esq. Ninth Edition, with Illustrations. Imperial 8vo. 12s. 6d.

**A Plain Treatise on Horse-Shoeing.** By the same Author. Sixth Edition. Post 8vo. with Illustrations, 2s. 6d.

**Stables and Stable-Fittings.** By the same. Imp. 8vo. with 13 Plates, 15s.

**Remarks on Horses' Teeth,** addressed to Purchasers. By the same. Post 8vo. 1s. 6d.

**ROBBINS'S CAVALRY CATECHISM,** or Instructions on Cavalry Exercise and Field Movements, Brigade Movements, Out-post Duty, Cavalry supporting Artillery, Artillery attached to Cavalry. 12mo. 5s.

**BLAINE'S VETERINARY ART**; a Treatise on the Anatomy, Physiology, and Curative Treatment of the Diseases of the Horse, Neat Cattle and Sheep. Seventh Edition, revised and enlarged by C. STEEL, M.R.C.V.S.L. 8vo. with Plates and Woodcuts, 18s.

**The HORSE**; with a Treatise on Draught. By WILLIAM YOUATT. New Edition, revised and enlarged. 8vo. with numerous Woodcuts, 12s. 6d.

**The Dog.** By the same Author. 8vo. with numerous Woodcuts, 6s.

**The DOG in HEALTH and DISEASE.** By STONEHENGE. With 70 Wood Engravings. Square crown 8vo. 10s. 6d.

**The GREYHOUND.** By STONEHENGE. Revised Edition, with 24 Portraits of Greyhounds. Square crown 8vo. 10s. 6d.

**The OX**; his Diseases and their Treatment: with an Essay on Parturition in the Cow. By J. R. DOBSON. Crown 8vo. with Illustrations, 7s. 6d.

## *Commerce, Navigation, and Mercantile Affairs.*

**The ELEMENTS of BANKING.** By HENRY DUNNING MACLEOD, M.A. Barrister-at-Law. Post 8vo. [Nearly ready.]

**The THEORY and PRACTICE of BANKING.** By the same Author. Second Edition, entirely remodelled. 2 vols. 8vo. 30s.

**PRACTICAL GUIDE for BRITISH SHIPMASTERS to UNITED States Ports.** By PIERREPONT EDWARDS. Post 8vo. 8s. 6d.

**A DICTIONARY,** Practical, Theoretical, and Historical, of Commerce and Commercial Navigation. By J. R. M'CULLOCH, Esq. New and thoroughly revised Edition. 8vo. price 63s. cloth, or 70s. half-bd. in russet.

**The LAW of NATIONS** Considered as Independent Political Communities. By Sir TRAVERS TWISS, D.C.L. 2 vols. 8vo. 30s., or separately, PART I. *Peace*, 12s. PART II. *War*, 18s.

## *Works of Utility and General Information.*

**MODERN COOKERY for PRIVATE FAMILIES**, reduced to a System of Easy Practice in a Series of carefully-tested Receipts. By ELIZA ACTON. Newly revised and enlarged Edition; with 8 Plates of Figures and 150 Woodcuts. Fcp. 6s.

**ON FOOD: its Varieties, Chemical Composition, Nutritive Value, Comparative Digestibility, Physiological Functions and Uses, Preparation, Culinary Treatment, Preservation, Adulteration, &c.** Being the Substance of Four Cantour Lectures delivered before the Society for the Encouragement of Arts, Manufactures, and Commerce. By H. LETHEBY. M.B. M.A. Ph.D. &c. Crown 8vo. [Nearly ready.]

**A PRACTICAL TREATISE on BREWING**; with Formulæ for Public Breweries, and Instructions for Private Families. By W. BLACK. 8vo. 10s. 6d.

**CHESS OPENINGS.** By F. W. LONGMAN, Balliol College, Oxford. Fcp. 8vo. 2s. 6d.

**WHIST, WHAT TO LEAD.** By CAM. Fourth Edition. 32mo. 1s.

**A HANDBOOK for READERS at the BRITISH MUSEUM.** By THOMAS NICHOLS. Post 8vo. 6s.

**The CABINET LAWYER**; a Popular Digest of the Laws of England, Civil, Criminal, and Constitutional. Twenty-fifth Edition, brought down to the close of the Parliamentary Session of 1869. Fcp. 10s. 6d.

**The PHILOSOPHY of HEALTH**; or, an Exposition of the Physiological and Sanitary Conditions conducive to Human Longevity and Happiness. By SOUTHWOOD SMITH. M.D. Eleventh Edition, revised and enlarged; with 113 Woodcuts. 8vo. 7s. 6d.

**HINTS to MOTHERS on the MANAGEMENT of their HEALTH** during the Period of Pregnancy and in the Lying-in Room. By the late THOMAS BULL. M.D. Fcp. 5s.

**The MATERNAL MANAGEMENT of CHILDREN in HEALTH and Disease.** By THOMAS BULL, M.D. Fcp. 5s.

**The LAW RELATING to BENEFIT BUILDING SOCIETIES**; with Practical Observations on the Act and all the Cases decided thereon; also a Form of Rules and Forms of Mortgages. By W. TIDD PRATT, Barrister. Second Edition. Fcp. 5s. 6d.

**COLLIERIES and COLLIERIES: a Handbook of the Law and Leading Cases relating thereto.** By J. C. FOWLER, of the Inner Temple, Barrister, Stipendiary Magistrate for the District of Merthyr Tydfil and Aberdare. Second Edition. Fcp. 8vo. 7s. 6d.

**NOTES on HOSPITALS.** By FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE. Third Edition, enlarged; with 13 Plans. Post 4to. 18s.

**COULTHART'S DECIMAL INTEREST TABLES** at 24 Different Rates not exceeding 5 per Cent. Calculated for the use of Bankers. To which are added Commission Tables at One-Eighth and One-Fourth per Cent. 8vo. price 15s.

**MAUNDER'S TREASURY of KNOWLEDGE and LIBRARY of Reference**; comprising an English Dictionary and Grammar, Universal Gazetteer, Classical Dictionary, Chronology, Law Dictionary, a Synopsis of the Peerage, useful Tables, &c. Revised Edition. Fcp. 10s. 6d.

# INDEX.

<b>ACTION's Modern Cookery</b> .....	28	<b>CALVERT's Wife's Manual</b> .....	21
<b>ALDOCK's Residence in Japan</b> .....	23	<b>CATER's Biographical Dictionary</b> .....	5
<b>ALLIES on Formation of Christendom</b> .....	20	<b>CATS' and FARLIE's Moral Emblems</b> .....	16
<b>Alpine Guide (The)</b> .....	23	<b>Changed Aspects of Unchanged Truths</b> .....	9
<b>ALTHAUS on Medical Electricity</b> .....	14	<b>CHESNEY's Euphrates Expedition</b> .....	22
<b>ANDREWS's Life of Oliver Cromwell</b> .....	4	Indian Policy .....	3
<b>ARNOLD's Manual of English Literature</b> .....	7	Waterloo Campaign .....	3
<b>ARNOTT's Elements of Physics</b> .....	11	<b>CHILD's Physiological Essays</b> .....	15
<b>Arundines Caml</b> .....	26	<b>Choral Book for England</b> .....	16
<b>Autumn Holidays of a Country Parson</b> .....	9	<b>(LOUGH's) Lives from Plutarch</b> .....	3
<b>AYRE's Treasury of Bible Knowledge</b> .....	20	<b>COBBE's Norman Kings of England</b> .....	4
<b>BACON's Essays, by WHATELY</b> .....	6	<b>COLENSO (Bishop) on Pentateuch and Book of Joshua</b> .....	20
Life and Letters, by SPEDDING .....	6	<b>Commonplace Philosopher in Town and Country</b> .....	9
Works, edited by SPEDDING .....	6	<b>CONINGTON's Chemical Analysis</b> .....	14
<b>BAIN's Mental and Moral Science</b> .....	10	Translation of VIRGIL'S <i>Æneid</i> .....	26
on the Emotions and Will .....	10	<b>CONTANSRAU's French-English Dictionaries</b> .....	6
on the Senses and Intellect .....	10	<b>CONYBEARE and HOWSON's Work on St. Paul</b> .....	19
on the Study of Character .....	10	<b>COOK on the Acts</b> .....	19
<b>BALL's Alpine Guide</b> .....	23	<b>COOK's Voyages</b> .....	5
<b>BARNARD's Drawing from Nature</b> .....	17	<b>COOPER's Surgical Dictionary</b> .....	14
<b>BAYLON's Rents and Tillages</b> .....	19	<b>COPLAND's Dictionary of Practical Medicine</b> .....	15
<b>Beaten Tracks</b> .....	23	<b>COTTON's Introduction to Confirmation</b> .....	19
<b>BENKER's Charicles and Gallus</b> .....	25	<b>COULTHART's Decimal Interest Tables</b> .....	26
<b>BENFFY's Sanskrit Dictionary</b> .....	8	<b>Counsel and Comfort from a City Pulpit</b> .....	9
<b>BLACK's Treatise on Brewing</b> .....	28	<b>COX's (G. W.) Aryan Mythology</b> .....	4
<b>BLACKLEY's Word-Gossip</b> .....	7	Manual of Mythology .....	6
German-English Dictionary .....	8	Tales of the Great Persian War .....	2
<b>BLAINE's Rural Sports</b> .....	26	Tales of Ancient Greece .....	26
Veterinary Art .....	27	(H.) Ancient Parliamentary Elections .....	1
<b>BOURNE on Screw Propeller</b> .....	18	History of the Reform Bills .....	1
<b>BOURNE's Catechism of the Steam Engine</b> .....	18	Whig and Tory Administrations .....	1
Handbook of Steam Engine .....	18	<b>CRESY's Encyclopedia of Civil Engineering</b> .....	18
Improvements in the Steam Engine .....	3	<b>Critical Essays of a Country Parson</b> .....	9
Treatise on the Steam Engine .....	18	<b>CROWE's History of France</b> .....	17
Examples of Modern Engines .....	18	<b>CULLEY's Handbook of Telegraphy</b> .....	17
<b>BOWDLER's Family SHAKESPEARE</b> .....	26	<b>CUSACK's History of Ireland</b> .....	6
<b>BROADBENT's Dictionary of Science, Literature, and Art</b> .....	13	<b>DART's Iliad of Homer</b> .....	26
<b>BRAT's (C.) Education of the Feelings</b> .....	10	<b>D'AUBIGNE's History of the Reformation in the time of CALVIN</b> .....	2
Philosophy of Necessity .....	10	<b>DAVIDSON's Introduction to New Testament</b> .....	20
on Force .....	10	<b>DAYMAN's Dante's Divina Commedia</b> .....	26
<b>BROWN's Exposition of the 39 Articles</b> .....	19	<b>Dead Shot (The), by MARKSMAN</b> .....	26
<b>BUCKLE's History of Civilization</b> .....	2	<b>DE LA RIVE's Treatise on Electricity</b> .....	13
<b>BULL's Hints to Mothers</b> .....	28	<b>Critical Essays of a Country Parson</b> .....	1
Maternal Management of Children .....	28	<b>DE TOCQUEVILLE's Democracy in America</b> .....	2
<b>BURKEN's (Baron) Ancient Egypt</b> .....	4	<b>DOBSON on the Ox</b> .....	27
God in History .....	5	<b>DOVE on Storms</b> .....	11
Memoirs .....	5	<b>DOYLE's Fairyland</b> .....	16
<b>BURKEN (E. DE) on Apocrypha</b> .....	21	<b>DYER's City of Rome</b> .....	2
's Keys of St. Peter .....	21		
<b>BURKE's Vicissitudes of Families</b> .....	5		
<b>BURTON's Christian Church</b> .....	4		
Vikram and the Vampire .....	24		
<b>Cabinet Lawyer</b> .....	26		

<b>EASTLAKE's</b> Life of Gibeon .....	16	<b>HUME's</b> Treatise on Human Nature .....	19
Hints on Household Taste .....	17	<b>HUMPHREY's</b> Sentiments of Shakespeare .....	16
History of Oil Painting .....	16		
<b>EDMUNDS's</b> Names of Places .....	9	<b>IRWIN's</b> Roman History .....	3
<b>EDWARDS's</b> Shipmaster's Guide .....	27	<b>INCELOW's</b> Poems .....	26
<b>Elements</b> of Botany .....	18	Story of Doom .....	22
<b>ELLIOTT's</b> Commentary on Ephesians .....	19	Moses .....	26
Lectures on Life of Christ .....	19		
Commentary on Galatians .....	19	<b>JAMESON's</b> Legends of the Saints and	
Pastoral Epist. .....	19	Martyrs .....	17
Philippians, &c. .....	19	Legends of the Madonna .....	17
Thessalonians .....	19	Legends of the Monastic	
<b>Essays</b> and Contributions of A. K. H. B. ....	8	Orders .....	17
<b>Essays</b> and Reviews .....	21	<b>JAMESON and EASTLAKE's</b> History of Our	
<b>EWALD's</b> History of Israel .....	20	Lord .....	17
		<b>JOHNSTON's</b> Geographical Dictionary .....	11
<b>FAIRBAIRN</b> on Iron Shipbuilding .....	16	<b>JUKES</b> on Second Death .....	21
's Application of Cast and		on Types of Genesis .....	21
Wrought Iron to Building			
Information for Engineers .....	16	<b>KALISH's</b> Commentary on the Bible .....	7
Treatise on Mills and Mill-		Hebrew Grammar .....	9
work .....	18	<b>KEITH</b> on Fulfilment of Prophecy .....	26
<b>FARADAY's</b> Life and Letters .....	4	Destiny of the World .....	29
<b>FARRAR's</b> Families of Speech .....	9	<b>KERL's</b> Metallurgy by CROOKES and	
Chapters on Language .....	7	ROHRIG .....	19
<b>FELKIN</b> on Hosiery and Lace Manufactures	18	<b>KRISTEVEN's</b> Domestic Medicine .....	15
<b>FPOULKE's</b> Christendom's Divisions .....	21	<b>KIRBY and SPENCER's</b> Entomology .....	12
<b>FITZWATER</b> on Horses and Stables .....	27		
<b>Five Years</b> in Protestant Sisterhood .....	20	<b>LANDON's</b> (L. E. L.) Poetical Works .....	26
<b>FLAMMANT's</b> Diversities of Life .....	10	<b>LATHAM's</b> English Dictionary .....	7
<b>FORBES's</b> Earls of Granard .....	5	River Plate .....	11
<b>FOWLER's</b> Collieries and Colliers .....	26	<b>LAWLOR's</b> Pilgrimages in the Pyrenees .....	26
<b>FRANCIS's</b> Fishing Book .....	26	<b>LECKY's</b> History of European Morals .....	4
<b>FRENCHFIELD's</b> Travels in the Caucasus .....	23	Rationalism .....	4
<b>FROUDE's</b> History of England .....	1	<b>LEIGHTON's</b> Sermons and Charges .....	19
Short Studies on Great Subjects .....	9	<b>Leisure Hours</b> in Town .....	9
		<b>Lessons</b> of Middle Age .....	9
<b>GAJOT's</b> Elementary Physics .....	11	<b>LEITCH</b> on Food .....	29
<b>GASCOIGNE's</b> Doctor Harold .....	24	<b>LEWES's</b> History of Philosophy .....	4
<b>GILBERT's</b> Calore, or Titian's Country .....	23	<b>LEWIS's</b> Letters .....	5
<b>GILBERT and CRURCHILL's</b> Dolomites .....	23	<b>LIDDELL and SCOTT's</b> Greek-English Lexi-	
<b>GOLDSMITH's</b> Poems, Illustrated .....	25	con .....	8
<b>GOULD's</b> Silver Store .....	26	Abridged ditto .....	8
<b>GRAHAM's</b> Book about Words .....	7	<b>Life</b> of Man Symbolised .....	12
<b>GRANT's</b> Home Politics .....	3	<b>Life</b> of Margaret M. Hallahan .....	20
Ethics of Aristotle .....	6	<b>LINDLEY and MOORE's</b> Treasury of Botany	
<b>Graver Thoughts</b> of a Country Parson .....	9	LINDRAY's Evidence for the Papacy .....	29
<b>GRAY's</b> Anatomy .....	15	<b>LONGMAN's</b> Edward the Third .....	2
<b>GREENHOW</b> on Bronchitis .....	14	Lectures on the History of Eng-	
<b>GROVE</b> on Correlation of Physical Forces ..	12	land .....	2
<b>GURNEY's</b> Chapters of French History .....	2	Chess Openings .....	29
<b>GWILT's</b> Encyclopedia of Architecture .....	17	<b>Lord's</b> Prayer Illustrated .....	25
		<b>LOUDON's</b> Agriculture .....	19
<b>HARR</b> on Election of Representatives .....	7	Gardening .....	19
<b>HARTWIG's</b> Harmonies of Nature .....	12	Plants .....	19
Polar World .....	13	<b>LOWNDES's</b> Engineer's Handbook .....	12
Sea and its Living Wonders .....	12	<b>Lyra</b> Eucharistica .....	27
Tropical World .....	13	Germanica .....	16, 21
<b>HATON's</b> Life of Shaftesbury .....	4	Messianica .....	22
<b>HAUGHTON's</b> Manual of Geology .....	13	Mystica .....	27
<b>HAWKES's</b> Instructions to Young Sportsmen	26		
<b>HERSCHEL's</b> Outlines of Astronomy .....	11	<b>Mabelldean</b> .....	26
<b>Hewitt</b> on Diseases of Women .....	14	<b>MACAULAY's</b> (Lord) Essays .....	3
<b>HOLMES's</b> System of Surgery .....	14	History of England .....	1
Surgical Diseases of Infancy .....	14	Lays of Ancient Rome .....	26
<b>HOOKER and WALKER-ARNOTT's</b> British		Miscellaneous Writings .....	9
Flora .....	13	Speeches .....	7
<b>HORME's</b> Introduction to the Scriptures .....	20	Complete Works .....	1
Compendium of ditto .....	20	<b>MACFARREN's</b> Lectures on Harmony .....	16
<b>How</b> we Spent the Summer .....	23	<b>MACKINTOSH's</b> Scenery of England and	
<b>HOWARD's</b> Gymnastic Exercises .....	15	Wales .....	19
<b>HOWITT's</b> Australian Discovery .....	23	<b>MACLEOD's</b> Elements of Political Economy	
Northern Heights of London .....	24	Dictionary of Political Eco-	
Rural Life of England .....	24	nomy .....	7
Visits to Remarkable Places .....	24	Elements of Banking .....	27
<b>HUGHES's</b> (W.) Manual of Geography .....	11	Theory and Practice of Banking	
<b>HUME's</b> Essays .....	19		

MCCULLOCH'S Dictionary of Commerce.....	27	NORTHOOTT'S Lathes and Turning.....	17
Geographical Dictionary.....	11	NORTON'S City of London.....	28
MAGUIRE'S Life of Father Mathew.....	5		
MANNING'S England and Christendom.....	15	ODLING'S Animal Chemistry.....	14
MARBOT on the Larynx.....	15	Course of Practical Chemistry.....	14
MARSHALL'S Physiology.....	15	Manual of Chemistry.....	13
MARSHMAN'S Life of Havelock.....	5	Lectures on Carbon.....	14
History of India.....	3	Outlines of Chemistry.....	14
MARTINEAU'S Endeavours after the Christian Life.....	22	Our Children's Story.....	26
MASSEY'S History of England.....	2	OWEN'S Lectures on the Invertebrate Animals.....	12
MASSINGBERD'S History of the Reformation.....	4	Comparative Anatomy and Physiology of Vertebrate Animals.....	13
MATHEWSON'S England to Delhi.....	23		
MAUNDER'S Biographical Treasury.....	6	PACKER'S Guide to the Pyrenees.....	28
Geographical Treasury.....	11	PAGET'S Lectures on Surgical Pathology.....	14
Historical Treasury.....	4	PEREIRA'S Manual of Materia Medica.....	15
Scientific and Literary Treasury.....	12	PERKIN'S Italian and Tuscan Sculptors.....	27
Treasury of Knowledge.....	23	PHILLIPS'S Guide to Geology.....	27
MAURY'S Physical Geography.....	16	Pictures in Tyrol.....	27
MAY'S Constitutional History of England.....	2	PIESSEN'S Art of Perfumery.....	16
MELVILLE'S Dighy Grand.....	25	Natural Magic.....	16
General Bounce.....	26	PRATT'S Law of Building Societies.....	29
Gladiators.....	25	PRENDERGAST'S Mastery of Languages.....	6
Good for Nothing.....	25	PRESGOTT'S Scripture Difficulties.....	29
Holmby House.....	25	PROCTOR'S Saturn.....	11
Interpreter.....	26	Handbook of the Stars.....	21
Kate Coventry.....	26	PRYNE'S England and France in the Fifteenth Century.....	2
Queen's Maries.....	5		
MENDELSSOHN'S Letters.....	5	Quarterly Journal of Science.....	12
MENES and Cheops.....	10		
MERIVALE'S (H.) Historical Studies.....	2	Recreations of a Country Parson.....	6
(C.) Fall of the Roman Republic.....	3	REIGHARD'S See of Rome.....	29
Romans under the Empire.....	3	REILLY'S Map of Mont Blanc.....	29
MERRIFIELD and EVER'S Navigation.....	11	RELMAN on Aniline Dyes.....	15
MILES on Horse's Foot and Horseshoeing.....	27	RILEY'S Memorial Album.....	15
Horses' Teeth and Stables.....	27	RIVIERE'S Rose Amateur's Guide.....	15
MILL (J.) on the Mind.....	19	ROBIN'S Cavalry Catechism.....	27
MILL (J. S.) on Liberty.....	6	ROGER'S Correspondence of Greyson.....	9
on Representative Government.....	6	Eclipse of Faith.....	9
on Utilitarianism.....	6	Defence of ditto.....	9
MILA'S (J. S.) Dissertations and Discussions.....	7	Essays from the <i>Edinburgh Review</i> .....	9
Political Economy.....	6	Reason and Faith.....	9
System of Logic.....	6	ROGET'S English Words and Phrases.....	7
Hamilton's Philosophy.....	7	Roma Sotteranea.....	24
Inaugural Address.....	6	RONALD'S Fly-Fisher's Entomology.....	25
England and Ireland.....	6	ROWTON'S Debater.....	7
Subjection of Women.....	6	RUSSELL'S (Earl) Speeches and Despatches.....	1
MILLER'S Elements of Chemistry.....	13	on Government and Constitution.....	1
Hymn-Writers.....	21		
MITCHELL'S Manual of Assaying.....	18	SANDAR'S Justinian's Institutes.....	6
MONSELL'S Beatitudes.....	22	SAMUELSON'S German Working Man.....	15
His Presence not his Memory.....	22	SCHAEFFLER on Ocular Defects and Spectacles.....	24
'Spiritual Songs'.....	22	SCOTT'S Lectures on the Fine Arts.....	16
MOORE'S Irish Melodies.....	25	Albert Durer.....	16
Jalla Rookh.....	25	SREBOHM'S Oxford Reformers of 1498.....	24
Poetical Works.....	25	SEWELL'S After Life.....	24
Power of the Soul over the Body.....	21	Amy Herbert.....	24
MORELL'S Elements of Psychology.....	10	Cleave Hall.....	24
Mental Philosophy.....	10	Earl's Daughter.....	24
MULLER'S (MAX) Chips from a German Workshop.....	10	Examination for Confirmation.....	21
Lectures on the Science of Language.....	7	Experience of Life.....	24
(K. O.) Literature of Ancient Greece.....	3	Gertrude.....	24
MURCHISON on continued Fevers.....	15	Glimpse of the World.....	24
on Liver Complaints.....	15	History of the Early Church.....	24
MURK'S Language and Literature of Greece.....	3	Ivors.....	24
		Journal of a Home Life.....	24
New Testament, Illustrated Edition.....	16	Katharine Ashton.....	24
NEWMAN'S History of his Religious Opinions.....	5	Laneton Parsonage.....	24
NICHOLS' Handbook to the British Museum.....	28	Margaret Percival.....	24
NIGHTINGALE'S Notes on Hospitals.....	26	Passing Thoughts on Religion.....	21
NILSSON'S Scandinavia.....	12	Preparations for Communion.....	21
NORTHCOTE'S Sanctuaries of the Madonna.....	20	Principles of Education.....	21
		Readings for Confirmation.....	21
		Readings for Lent.....	21

<b>SWELL'S Tales and Stories</b> .....	34	<b>UNCLE PETER'S Fairy Tale</b> .....	34
Urula .....	34	<b>URE'S Dictionary of Arts, Manufactures,</b>	
Thoughts for the Holy Week .....	31	and Mines .....	17
<b>SEYMOUR'S Pioneering in the Pampas</b> .....	23	<b>VAN DER HORST'S Handbook of Zoology</b> .....	12
<b>SHAPPEBURY'S Characteristics</b> .....	10	<b>VAUGHAN'S Revolutions in English History</b> .....	2
<b>SHAKESPEARE'S Midsummer Night's Dream</b>			
Illustrated with Silhouettes .....	16		
<b>SHIPLEY'S Church and the World</b> .....	20		
Invocation of Saints .....	22		
<b>SHORT'S Church History</b> .....	4	<b>WARBURTON'S Hunting Songs</b> .....	26
<b>SMART'S WALKER'S Pronouncing Dictionary</b>		<b>WATSON'S Principles and Practice of Physic</b> .....	14
.....	6	<b>WATTS'S Dictionary of Chemistry</b> .....	13
<b>SMITH'S ("Southwest") Philosophy of Health</b>	26	<b>WEBB'S Objects for Common Telescopes</b> .....	11
(J.) Paul's Voyage and Shipwreck .....	19	<b>WELSHER and WILKINSON'S Greek Testament</b> .....	20
(SYDNEY) Miscellaneous Works .....	9	<b>WELLS'S Notes on Burgundy</b> .....	22
Wit and Wisdom .....	9	<b>WELLINGTON'S Life, by the Rev. G. R. GLIEG</b>	
<b>SOUTHEY'S Doctor</b> .....	7	.....	5
Poetical Works .....	70	<b>WEST on Children's Diseases</b> .....	14
<b>STANLEY'S History of British Birds</b> .....	12	<b>WHATELY'S English Synonyms</b> .....	6
<b>STEBBING'S Analysis of MILL'S Logic</b> .....	6	.....	6
<b>STEPHEN'S Essays in Ecclesiastical Biography</b>		.....	6
.....	5	.....	6
<b>STIRLING'S Secret of Hegel</b> .....	10	<b>WHATELY on the Truth of Christianity</b> .....	22
<b>STONEHENGE on the Dog</b> .....	27	.....	23
on the Greyhound .....	27	Religious Worship .....	23
<b>STRICKLAND'S Tudor Princesses</b> .....	5	<b>What, what to lead, by CAM.</b> .....	23
Queens of England .....	5	<b>WHITE and RIDDLE'S Latin-English Dictionary</b>	
Strong and Free .....	10	.....	8
<b>Sunday Afternoons at the Parish Church of a Scottish University City (St. Andrews)</b>	9	<b>WILCOCK'S Sea Fisherman</b> .....	27
<b>SWEETMAN'S Throu.h the Night, and Onward</b> .....	24	<b>WILLIAMS'S Aristotle's Ethics</b> .....	6
		History of Wales .....	2
<b>TAYLOR'S (Jeremy) Works, edited by EDEN</b>	22	<b>WILLIAMS on Climate of South of France</b>	
<b>THIELWALL'S History of Greece</b> .....	2	Consumption .....	15
<b>THOMPSON'S Archbishop's Laws of Thought</b>		<b>WILLIS'S Principles of Mechanism</b> .....	17
(A. T.) Conspectus .....	15	<b>WINSLOW on Light</b> .....	12
Paraguayan War .....	23	<b>WOOD'S Bible Animals</b> .....	12
<b>TIMES'S Curiosities of London</b> .....	23	Homes without Hands .....	12
<b>TODD (A.) on Parliamentary Government</b>	1	<b>WRIGHT'S Homer's Iliad</b> .....	26
<b>TODD and BOWMAN'S Anatomy and Physiology of Man</b> .....	15		
<b>TRENCH'S Realities of Irish Life</b> .....	3	<b>YEO'S Manual of Zoology</b> .....	12
<b>TROLLOPE'S Barchester Towers</b> .....	24	<b>YONGE'S English-Greek Lexicons</b> .....	6
Warden .....	24	Editions of Horace .....	26
<b>TWINE'S Law of Nations</b> .....	27	<b>YOUATT on the Dog</b> .....	27
<b>TYNDALL on Heat</b> .....	11	on the Horse .....	27
Sound .....	12	<b>ZELLER'S Socrates</b> .....	6
		Stoics, Epicureans, and Sceptics .....	6

LONDON: PRINTED BY  
 SPOTTISWOODE AND CO., NEW-STREET SQUARE  
 AND PARLIAMENT STREET







